

M. B. A.

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

May 1926

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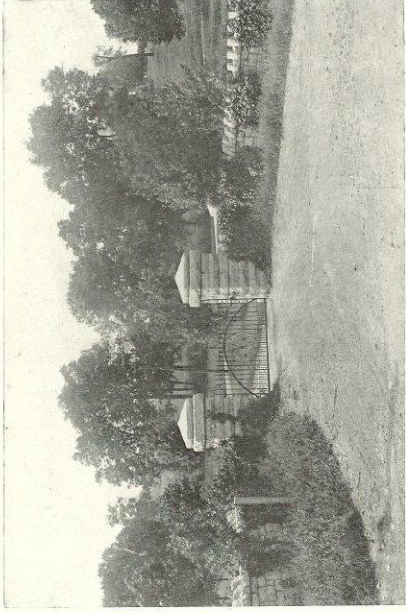
Dedication

As a token of the gratitude and appreciation of the student body for its teachers, this issue is affectionately dedicated to the Faculty of Montgomery Bell Academy.

It would be impossible to record here the many things that our teachers have done for us, and in spite of the troubles and trials received at our hands the comradelike friendship they have always entertained for us, and the straighter and clearer viewpoint of life which they have shown us.

However, by the dedication of this issue, we hope that it may stand as a testimony of the love that we hold in our hearts for the Faculty.





ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL GROUNDS

Montgomery Bell Bulletin

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No. 6

An Interrupted Cruise

I.

WITH a final straightening of his tie and brushing his curly hair back into place, Richard Mace left his room whistling a merry tune. He rushed down stairs, jumped into his roadster, which was parked in the side drive and speeded away. The day was beautiful, spring was in full sway, flowers were blooming on all sides, the birds were singing sweetly, everything fitted perfectly into Dick's happiness. He had a wonderful date, a date with the sweetest girl in the world, Grace Jarman. Harvard would soon be out, then what would he do? He had an invitation to go up into the Adirondacks, but pshaw, what fun could he have if Grace wasn't there. Ah! he had it; why not a cruise in dad's new yacht? He could invite a dandy bunch of boys and girls, then Grace could go along, too, and what fun couldn't they have!

Richard Mace was the son of a rich New York banker, but although his father was many times a millionaire, Dick was by no means spoiled; he had been brought up in a military school under severe restrictions. Then when he went to Harvard to take up high finance specifically, his father was everything but lenient. He had very little spending money at first, for Mr. Mace wished to teach him

the real value of the almighty dollar. He had begged his father for a car, but Mr. Mace wouldn't hear of it until he had passed his sophomore year. But now he was a senior and after the coming exams he would be through to start out in the business world. Mr. Mace had promised him a place in the bank when he graduated, provided he showed that he was capable of handling it. Dick was a fine looking chap, a tall, fair blonde, athletically built and very handsome. He had had many affairs in his young life, but he had managed successfully to scrape out of them without having to pay off any breach of promise suits.

Dick turned off the smooth boulevard into a long winding drive. This time he had found a real girl who loved him and wasn't after his money, for it was common talk that Mr. Jarman was one of the richest men in New York. He pulled under the porte-cochere and jumping on the side porch rang the bell impatiently. A tall portly butler answered his call.

"'Lo, Watkins," Dick said, "is Miss Grace here?"

"Yes, Mr. Dick," Watkins replied. "She is on the courts with Mr. Lawrence."

"Thanks," answered Dick, as he proceeded to go to the rear of the mansion where the courts were situated. Then to himself, "That Lawrence literally bores me to death, always hanging over Grace and always pruning that puny moustache of his. I wish he would stay away from Grace; he looks like a crook to me. It always did seem funny to me how that guy tried to push his way into our society. Then Dick neared the tennis courts, where Grace and Lawrence were pounding at each other in a hotly contested match.

"Hello, Grace," said Dick, "having a nice game?"

Grace looked up. "Oh, Dick," you're just in time!" she cried, her eyes sparkling brightly, "Margaret is here and we can play doubles."

Dick looked toward the benches where Margaret was seated. It was the first time he had noticed her. "Hello,

Margaret," he said, "I didn't see you at first, you'll have to excuse me."

"Yes?" Margaret replied, giving him a knowing look, "I suppose your eyes were centered on Grace."

Dick blushed profusely, much to the amusement of the rest. "Uh-huh," he managed to mumble; "maybe so."

Howard Lawrence, a tall sheik of the Latin type, had kept silent, but now he stepped forward and took Dick by the hand. "Hello, Mace," he said, smiling, "how's the banking business?"

"Better," replied Dick, sarcastically, "how's the er—ah, your business?"

"Oh, I have none," Lawrence answered, "I live on my income."

Then Grace cried out, "Come on, you all, let's get this game started!"

"Grace, will you come over here, I want to ask you something. Excuse us, won't you, Howard and Margaret?" said Richard.

"Certainly," they replied.

Dick took Grace by the arm and led her to a bench behind some shrubbery.

"I don't want to play," said Dick. "Grace, I thought you were going driving with me this afternoon."

"Oh, Dick, you don't want to go driving this afternoon, do you?"

"I'd like to," he replied, "but if you don't want to, we won't go."

"Listen, Grace," he continued, "how would you like to go on a cruise this summer? Dad's new yacht comes off the ways next week and I also get out of school next week, so we can leave in two or three weeks and cruise for as long as we like. I've planned to get up a party of boys and girls, and I figure that we ought to have a pretty good time. What do you say?"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," Grace cried, "not so fast; you're going like a streak of lightning. Do you mean

that you want to go on a real long cruise this summer in your father's new yacht?"

"Exactly," Dick replied.

"Oh, that will be wonderful!" Grace exclaimed, excitedly. "Won't that be simply thrilling! I'll have to tell Margaret."

She rushed around to the courts where Lawrence and Margaret were seated on a bench. "Oh, Margaret," she said, "Dick has planned the most thrilling cruise for this summer; we are going in his father's new yacht; won't that be wonderful?"

"Oh, my gosh!" Dick said to himself, "Now Lawrence will hear her and I'll have to invite him just when I didn't want him!"

"Really?" Margaret cried. "How simply wonderful. I'll bet we can have the most glorious time; just get about five couples and we can have the best time imaginable!"

"Yes!" cried Grace, her face flushed with excitement. "And of course you'll go, Howard; the party wouldn't be a success without you!"

"Well, after all," Lawrence stammered, "really, I didn't expect to be asked, but if Dick don't mind—er—" he looked expectantly at Dick.

"Oh, surely, of course," Dick replied, "I intended asking you all the time." But it came very hard. Grace had been responsible for the invitation, and distasteful though it was to him, Lawrence should go.

Three weeks later everything turned out just as planned. They were prepared for a long voyage and everything was in perfect running order. All were on board, five couples in all, then on a beautiful June morning they weighed anchor and pulled out, prepared for what they thought was going to be the best time they had ever had.

Their course was set from New York to Jamaica, where Mr. Mace was to join them and direct their voyaging farther.

II.

Four days out and their hopes were seeming to materialize, for they were having a good time, dancing and singing and playing deck games galore.

Then late in the afternoon of the fourth day the watch sighted a boat off the starboard bow. It was an old schooner that had been stripped of its masts and sails, which had been replaced by a gasoline motor. The schooner was standing idle. When they were in easy sight of the boat the party on board were surprised to see the boat string up a distress signal on the single mast. As soon as the commanding officer of the yacht observed the distress signal, he commanded a sailor to put up a signal that they were sending a boarding party. When they were within easy rowing distance the yacht came to a standstill and immediately a boat was lowered over the side and a party of sailors, including Dick and the second officer in command, got in and began rowing to the schooner.

As they neared the side of the vessel a motley crew of wretched-looking sailors came to the rail and peered eagerly at them. One of them lowered a ladder over the side and hailed them to come on up.

When they reached the ill-kempt deck a tall commanding looking seaman came forward and held out his hand to Dick. "Thank God you've come!" he cried. "We've been stranded out here in this God-forsaken ocean for ten days. Our motors have broken down and there's not one on board who knows enough about an engine to adjust a carburetor. We have no wireless, and we had no way to get in communication with anyone; we are out of the regular lanes of traffic, and if you had not been idly cruising around, God only knows when we would have gotten out of this hole. Is there a mechanic on board your ship?"

Dick was surprised at his excellent English, for he spoke wonderfully well for a man who seemed to be reared in the environment that prevailed around such a crew that this boat possessed. But Dick quickly forgot this detail

and immediately began to see what he could do for the poor fellows who stood around them so meek and mild.

"Yes," replied Dick, "we have a very good mechanic on board and I believe he will be able to fix your motor immediately."

"We would certainly appreciate it," the man replied. "Our food supply is getting extremely low. Do you think you will be able to furnish us with a few necessities?"

"Surely," Dick answered, "we will be glad to. Well, I guess we had better go back, it's getting dark. We'll stand by and then in the morning I will send my mechanic and some sailors with supplies. Well, good night; you will be all right until morning, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the sailor. "We still have enough supplies to last a day or two. We were just getting worried over what we would do after that was done. We've been on rations for several days now. Well, good-night, we certainly appreciate your kindness, and I hope I can repay you some day."

When they got back to the yacht the party was greatly excited at the prospect of being able to rescue a crew of sailors in mid-ocean, and it was late in the night before they finally settled down.

It was three o'clock and all was quiet on board the yacht. The night was dark but still. The watch on board was dozing and he knew nothing until a firm hand grasped his throat and another was clapped over his mouth. He was tied and laid aside by two huge men. Then one of them went to the rail and signaled to someone below. With stealthy movements more than a score of men swarmed over the side of the trim white yacht. They stood in a group at one end of the boat and quietly whispered their plans, then they spread out, each one to perform his individual duty. They made short work of it. In less than twenty minutes every member of the crew was tied and gagged. Then they went to the staterooms to get the merry party which was sleeping with a prospect of

a wonderful experience in the morning; but they got it sooner than they expected, for before they knew what it was all about, both boys and girls were neatly trussed and gagged, every one but Lawrence!

As soon as they had finished the simple work of capturing the boat, all of the lights were flashed upon the yacht. Dick was lying upon the deck, and it was the first time he had noticed that Lawrence wasn't tied up. When everyone was put aside, Lawrence came forward and took the big sailor by the hand. "Good work, McGinnis," he said, "I didn't expect to run across you boys in trouble out here, but you have struck the right trail. I couldn't have done better myself. Everything turned out just as I expected. I knew these babes-in-the-woods couldn't put up any kind of a fight. Now, first thing in the morning unload the liquor off the tub and get it down in the hold of this ship, then spray that floating wreck with oil and let her burn and sink. Now, first thing, put these infants in their cots and let them go to sleep." He turned to the five girls. "I'm very sorry, ladies, to tie you up this way, but I assure you that no harm will come to you. As soon as we reach a favorable port you will be safely landed and sent home. I shall have to lock you in your state-rooms tonight, but in the morning you will be released and given the freedom of the ship. Good-night. Take them away, boys, and handle them easy. Remember, no rough stuff!" Then Lawrence turned to the boys of the party. "And you, gentlemen, I regret to say that you will have to remain tied, for I am afraid we cannot trust you as we can the ladies. You will also be treated well if you do not attempt to make an escape, and when we reach port you will be safely landed also. And you, Mace, I am sorry that I had to break up your tea party this way, but this is the only way I can get that liquor safely in port. I assure you that your vessel will not be harmed, and when I have finished with it it will be returned to you intact. But now, business is business." Lawrence turned away and went to his room.

Dick was fairly boiling. He longed to be free to get at Lawrence's throat. He knew that he could enjoy just choking the life out of that vile body.

After the liquor was loaded and everything was set, they set fire to the old schooner and hurried away from the vicinity.

A day later they were well south and heading toward the coast. Dick had found out that they were intending to unload the liquor in a secluded harbor in Florida. Grace managed once to slip into his cabin where he was locked in. Lawrence had taken the bonds off the boys and sailors and had locked them in their cabins, but Grace by her clever maneuvering had managed to get hold of a duplicate key to Dick's room. They talked of many things and it was here that Dick made her promise to be his wife when they reached home. She didn't tell Dick how Lawrence had been worrying her, for she was afraid he would make her let him out to try to get him.

That night they reached the proposed harbor and dropped anchor to wait until morning, then they would have to wait until the following night before they could unload the liquor. Later in the night all was quiet, the only watch was dozing at his post. Then a stealthy figure slipped from a state-room and glided in the shadows until it reached Dick's cabin. With shaking hands Grace unlocked his door and motioned him to silence. Dick followed her out and then they crept to the rail.

"Goodbye, dear," he whispered, "I will come back with assistance as soon as possible. You've been a brick to have stood all of this, but just wait, Lawrence will get his yet and soon!" Then he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Reluctantly he released her and slipped over the side.

"Goodbye and good luck!" she whispered to him, then with powerful strokes he struck out for the distant shore.

III.

A wet dripping figure dragged slowly into the officer's post at Fort Delanico; it was two in the morning. The officer in charge was surprised. He ran forward and grabbed Dick around the shoulders and led him to a chair. He called an assistant, who got some liquor, which immediately revived Dick.

"You're all right now, old man," said the officer; "what's the trouble? Did you fall off a passing steamer or something?"

"No," said Dick, feebly, "bootleggers—in the harbor out there. Get 'em!"

"What's that?" cried the officers, "bootleggers! Tell me all about it, old man."

In a few minutes Dick told him the whole story. "Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed the officer. "Piracy, or I'm a monkey's uncle! Just think, piracy in the twentieth century! Well, we'll get 'em before morning. Thompson, rouse a company and we'll man a boat and go get 'em right now. Hurry!"

By the time they were ready to leave, Dick was somewhat revived. "I'm going with you," he said to the officer. "There's a certain party on that ship that I wish to take some vengeance on!"

The officer laughed. "All right," he said, "we'll be glad to have you, for you can show us exactly where the yacht is."

Soon, with the almost noiseless motors of the rum-chaser, they were rapidly approaching the yacht. "Shut off the motor now," Dick suggested. "Let's use the same method they used on us—stealth."

"All right," said the officer, "that's a good plan. Shut it off, Malone." They were eighty strong and soon they were climbing over the side of the clean white yacht. The dozing watch was immediately put out of commission, then the same method that the dirty crew had used on the yachting party the regulars used on them. It didn't take twenty minutes to get them all, and with many oaths they were

tied together. The sailors and officers of the original crew were released with much rejoicing. Then Dick went to Lawrence's cabin to get him, but when he reached it it was empty. He rushed from the cabin to inquire where Lawrence, the ringleader, was.

Has anyone seen Lawrence?" he cried. "He's not in his cabin. I hope he hasn't escaped!" At that moment a splash was heard over the side of the boat.

"There goes someone over the side!" one of the soldiers yelled. "I'll bet that's him! After him!" Dick was the first to go over the side, and with powerful strokes he soon overtook the fugitive. Catching him by the collar he dragged him back to the vessel. When they had been pulled to deck, he hurled him to the floor.

"Get up and fight, you low-down cur. Get up and fight like a man!" But Lawrence only kept his head down and mumbled

"I don't want to fight. Aren't you satisfied?"

But Dick could only gasp; of all the cowardice he had ever seen this was the worst.

Two weeks later all were safely at home. Dick had received recognition from Uncle Sam for assisting in the capture of one of the most daring runners on the Atlantic Coast. He and Grace had set the date for their wedding and they were very happy.

WADE PHILLIPS, '27.



A Wedding in the Quarters

ORD, girl, ain't you ever goin' to git married?" was old Aunt Nelly's question to her last daughter of seven, as Lida was mixing cake batter in the large kitchen of Mrs. Hill. Aunt Nelly had lived with the Hill family sometime and had married off all her girls in the big wash-house in the quarters, but Lida seemed as if she was never going to catch a fellow and step off.

"Lida, what's you think about old Fate what works over to ther Rays? He's a nice old nigger and he makes big money, too, an' do nothin' but milk them cows and feed them hosses. If me was you I would set my hat for him," continued old Nelly.

"Mama, I am already engaged to marry Fate. I haven't told you anything about it because I did not think it would suit you," was Lida's answer. She had gone to Chicago when very small and had had some education there. It did seem a terrible shame to have to marry Fate Harris, who was now beyond his sixtieth birthday, but Fate had money.

A month later there was great commotion in the Hill household. Mr. and Mrs. Hill were excited because they were going to get rid of the last trifling girl of Aunt Nelly's.

The wash-house had been all decorated with vines and Mrs. Hill had ordered ice cream and cake for the refreshments, and also enough ferns from the greenhouse had been brought in to hide the big old stove.

Uncle Fate was so excited over getting a wife that he forgot to water the horses and milk the cows. Every one was excited. Mr. Ray had given an old frock-tailed coat for the wedding and the groom was to wear grey pants and his frock-tailed coat with a white-winged collar. Oh, boy! but Fate would look grand. Everyone was so busy that no work was done at either place.

All went well until the bride went to dress and discovered that her sister's wedding gown was too large and

would have to be taken up in the hem. Mrs. Hill had Jessie, the house girl, do this, and after this was done and the mosquito net tied with blue bows of ribbon, everything was ready to start. Mary Ann, Lida's sister, was to be the bridesmaid, and she was dressed grandly in her mother's purple tarleton. It was badly faded, but it would not show in the dim lights that night at the wash-house.

Old Nelly was to walk down the aisle with Lida and give her away. The old farm bell was put up at the wash-house and would ring at eight promptly.

When the hands on the big clock in the hall at the Hills reached eight, Mrs. Hill walked out and up the road to the wash-house and took her seat. It was the seat of honor, of course, for she sat on the front row whence all the bride's finery could be seen.

At last the old piano was opened and Tommie, the sheik of the quarters, struck up the wedding march.

Every one turned to see the bride enter. At last the green draperies were lifted and poor old Aunt Nelly, very lame, leaning on a cane, walked out, her head bowed very low, and with her walked her stately daughter, Lida, dressed O so grand. Her long white cheese cloth dress hung in folds around her feet and the train was at least four feet long. The mosquito net fell to her waist in front and beyond the train behind. The red sweet williams were arranged in a large bouquet with yellow tulle.

As she and her mother walked slowly down the aisle Uncle Fate came from behind the ferns which hid the stove with Brother Whitlow, the preacher of the church nearby. Uncle Fate's frock-tailed coat fitted him like a sack and the gray pants were half a foot too short. The white-winged collar would not stay fastened, but stood straight up, but his smile was broad enough to hide it all. The groom was beside Brother Whitlow waiting for the bride to reach the altar. At last the bride reached the groom and Aunt Nelly gave her away with tears in her eyes and went to her seat beside Mrs. Hill.

"Do you, Lida Barrome, take Fate Harris to be your wedded husband, through sickness and in health, to love him and nurse him till death do you part?"

"I ain't a promise nothin'," came the answer. "If Fate is good to me I will nurse him and wash his feet if he wants me to, but if he is mean I'll beat the fool out er him. But I'll say 'I do.'"

"Fate Harris, do you take Lida Barrome to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes I is, for I do's."

"Well, if there is anyone who has objections to this marriage let him speak or hereafter hold his peace. Is there any one? Do any of you niggers know anything that won't let this here man and woman git married? Do you?"

"Yes, sar! I knows somethin'," came a woman's voice. "Fate Harris' been makin' love to all these here nigger gals around here and I don't think he oughter git married till he tells these nigger gals he don't love 'em." This was contributed by an old girl of Fate's who had always made trouble for him, and now she was trying to break up his marriage with Lida.

"I don't love no gal but Lida," answered Fate, "and anyhow, that ain't no good reason."

"I pronounce you husband and wife," said Brother Whitlow.

With that Tommie struck up the wedding march and away went Lida and Uncle Fate through the storm of rice. They went to their little home which Fate had rented in Black Bottom, and lived happily ever afterwards.

ANDREW KEITH, '30.



A Downfall

JIMMIE DOUGLAS was quite a sheik on Fifth Avenue, or at least he considered himself one. His favorite hobby was to stand on the corner and make smart remarks and the like to attract the attention of the girls who might be passing by. If one of them did not take his so-called joke in a pleasing manner he would say, "Oh, she is just a Dumb Dora."

It was on a Saturday afternoon about three o'clock. The usual Saturday afternoon crowd of girls was passing on the street. Jimmie was standing on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Church Street with some of his boy friends. Just as soon as the girls began to pass he began to make his usual remarks. He saw a very attractive girl, and as she passed he said:

"Pardon me, but aren't you mis—"

"No, I am not," she hastily replied.

"taken about what you said this morning?" he finished, turning to one of his friends as if he was talking to him.

Then to another girl he said, "How do you do—"—the girl gave him a hard look—"that trick you were just telling me about?" he finished. But all of his actions did not go unnoticed, for a lady who was passing by happened to hear one of his remarks, and she just stood aside for awhile and watched him. He did not pay any attention to her, but he kept up his so-called wit.

About two hours later that very same afternoon Jimmie was still at his usual place and he was still using his same old line of talk. Then he saw in the midst of all the crowd a very beautiful girl.

"I wonder who she is," he said to himself. "Well, I'll just say something to her to start a conversation. She'll fall like all the rest."

As she neared him he said, "Hello, baby. Where you started?" She stopped right in front of him. "You are

sure some hot baby," he continued. "How about a little automobile ride with me this evening?"

The girl said nothing. Then all of a sudden her hand caught him full in the face and he dropped to the street. The woman who had been watching him walked toward him. A crowd gathered around them. The woman displayed her badge and, pulling forth a pair of handcuffs, she snapped them on his wrists. He stared at her in a surprised manner. He recognized her as the one who had been watching him so closely. She unlocked the police phone box and lifted the receiver. The crowd became larger and larger. Everyone he ever knew seemed to be in that crowd. Such remarks as "I told you so," "I knew it would come to this," and "I wonder what his mother will say when she hears of this," began to be passed about the throng. About five minutes after the policewoman had called the patrol, a clanging of a bell was heard. The "Black Maria" pulled up against the curb. The door was opened and Jimmie was pushed into the patrol. The crowd still gazed on with eager eyes, fearing that they would miss something. He wished that they would shut the door so that he would not have to face the crowd any longer. At last his wish was fulfilled and the Black Maria started off. He began to think of what his mother would say if she heard of it. He was carried to the police station and fined on a number of charges. But when he was turned out he did not care to go uptown where any of the boys could see him. And since then Jimmie Douglas has not been seen anywhere on the streets of Nashville.

MAURICE MOODY, '27.



The Get-Rich-Quick Scheme

HERE was an old farm house sitting back some distance from the road. It was old and it looked it. At one time the road that passed along in front of the farm house was an old muddy lane, but now

it had become a popular highway.

Mr. Noal was seated in front of his old rundown home watching the steady stream of motor cars going to and from the city. He was in a deep study. An old neighbor walking along the way caught a glimpse of him and turned in at the gate to call on him.

"Hi, there, Noal," yelled out Mr. Brown. Then Mr. Noal started out to talk, rather slowly at first. "Brown, I have been watching those cars for a long time and the more I watch them the more I want one. Some of them are sure swell looking. Ever since Jim left I have been all alone and I have come to have a longing for the city and a swell time. If I only knew a way to make some money in large gobs."

"Well, I sure would like to have all those things you mentioned, too, but there ain't much of a chance. Well, I take that back. There is a way, but I know you won't approve of it."

"What is it? I may like to try it, anyway," inquired Mr. Noal.

"It's nothing much. I was just thinking of trying out bootlegging. See all those cars? We could have a wonderful trade. Get rich in a month."

"I don't like the idea much, but since Jim is away and I am all alone, no one would ever know it and we would not have to play the game long. Just until we made a few thousand."

"Sure, we could get away with it all right. Nobody would ever think of us selling whiskey on a farm. We could keep some crops growing around to keep down suspicion.

The two old friends at once set out to make their still.

"Noal, I don't believe it would be a good idea to try to buy material for our still. It might arouse suspicion, you know. We can rig up one with some old junk around here."

"I don't know a thing about one. I never have seen one."

"Shucks, I know enough about one to get along all right. I saw the one in Glen Hollow after it was raided. The first thing we want is a place, and a good place, too. Have you got any place for it in mind?"

"Sure, put the thing in my basement. Then we can watch it all the time and have it out of suspicion."

"That's the place for it," agreed Mr. Brown.

"Come into the basement and take a look at it."

"There's the very thing for the mash to be put in before we still it. See that old lard stand in the corner? We can attach the coil on the lid and everything will be O. K. There ain't nothing to know to make a still. Any sap can make one good enough. Well, if there ain't a chimney for us to use, too! The smoke can go out it and anybody would think it was a fire in the house. And as far as cooling the coil off, we can lay it in an old water trough. Then all that is left is to catch the liquor as it comes out the other end of the coil.

"I ain't sure, of course, but I thought a still was made of copper," spoke Mr. Noal.

"What do we care? We don't have to drink it. After we make our coin we can afford to buy some sure enough whisky. Well, I will be John Brown, if I ain't done thought of where we can get a coil for our still. When the Glen Hollow still was raided the coil was thrown over in the bushes. It was torn up a bit, but we don't need all they had."

In a week's time the apparatus was complete as far as they could see. Then came the operation of the still. Both men were eager to see it work.

"When you still whisky do you still the liquid with the rest of the mash or drain it?" asked Mr. Noal.

"Well, I ain't sure. We can just do it with the mash in the whisky. Maybe it will make it stronger," replied Mr. Brown.

"I guess everything is all set, so I might as well light the fire."

The fire was kindled by experienced countrymen and was soon blazing brilliantly. The contents in the lard stand began to spew and show signs of increasing heat.

"Old man, that sounds good to me," spoke up Mr. Brown. "In a short while it ought to be dropping in the bucket."

"Look, look! There's a drop!" shouted Mr. Noal. "It's working fine. Gee, Brown, that drop tasted like the real old stuff."

"I'll put some more wood on the fire and hurry it on. This looks like a real thing to me."

"Oh, boy, look at it drop! At that rate this gallon bucket will be full in no time."

"What's the matter with it, Brown?" said Mr. Noal after a few minutes. "It's not dropping as fast as it was. Shucks! it's almost stopped."

"I can't see nothing wrong. That mash sure is playing a tune. Sounds like it's boiling. Ain't nothing coming out now?"

"Now it's done stopped all together. Look at that lard stand, Brown. It sure is swelling out. I ain't so sure about this darn thing. What's making that coil move around and quiver so?"

"I bet I know what the matter is. Some of the mash has been forced in the coil and stopped it up. If we don't get it opened some way she sure will blow up."

"Ain't no use to go yet, Noal; maybe the steam will blow the coil out clean."

"Why ain't it no use to go? If that there lard stand keeps on swelling up there won't be no room left for us,

and I ain't so crazy about having any of this room right now."

Mr. Brown was right about the steam blowing the coil clean. All at once a powerful spray of steam shot through the coil, but it did not flow long. The coil was now stopped up more completely. Both men were leaving the place when it first occurred, but when they realized what was wrong they came back to their still.

"That must have let some of the pressure off, but that stand is as big as ever," said Mr. Noal.

"See what we have in the bucket, Noal. It ought to be full after that eruption."

"I guess it ought to be full all right, and it would be, too, if the bottom wasn't blown out of it."

"I got a hunch this thing is about to blow up. There seems to be enough steam escaping, too, but that lard stand is still swelling. Say, Noal, what do you think about this thing? Noal, Mr. Noal! Well, if he ain't gone and left me with this thing."

A very little steam was now escaping from the imperfectly soldered lid of the lard stand, but it was making quite a bit of noise and would likely attract any one's attention. At any rate it had attracted Mr. Noal's attention and he was well out of the basement. And now Mr. Brown decided to leave, as the actions of the lard can were decidedly violent.

No sooner had he passed through the door than with a terrific noise both windows were blown out of the basement and the whole roof was blown off the house. This was all. The men stood gazing at the ruins of their expected fortune and thinking of their narrow escape.

Jim was the only child of Mr. Noal and he was in the city. He had gone in business and was making quite a bit of money. He came home a few days after the explosion to get his father. He intended to take him to town to live with him. When he saw the old home destroyed he

could only wonder. His father soon told him the whole story and swore he was "off of stills forever."

FRANK HOSSE, '26.

Dope

IT was a great day for the Lightning Athletic Club. They had won the track meet from the Milton's Pride Club by twenty points. The negro members were giving a last few cheers to the visitors, who were leaving the field like a black cloud. When the triumphant athletes reached the club house, Sam Livers, the coach, congratulated a few and cheered up some of the men who had lost their points.

"You all sho did put up a big scoah, boys, and I is proud ob you," said Sam, who was a good coach and liked by all of his club. "The mostest fun I ever got was when Max won dat mile race. O Max, where is you, boy?" asked Sam, looking around the room for the runner.

Max was sitting in a corner rubbing liniment on his ankle.

"Wot's de mattah, boy?" asked the coach.

"I done sprained mah ankle, Mistah Livers," answered Max, mournfully.

"Come heah and let me see it," ordered Sam.

"Cain't do it; hurts too much."

"Am it so awful bad as that?" asked Sam. "What in de worl' we gonna do nex' week in de finals?"

"Run Ted Glass," suggested Max.

"I guess I'll haf to," sighed the coach.

The next day one of the running team came to the coach and told him that he could not run in the next race.

"Doggonnit," shouted Sam, "dey won't be but two reg'lars in de race and dey ain't fast. I don' know wat to do wid both you an' Max out, for den we will have ter bank on Ted Glass only."

II.

So Ted Glass went into training as a runner. He was the best high jumper in the club and had a small reputation as a runner. There were several negroes in town that did not want the Lightning Club to win the next meet, and they were spreading news that the mile race, which was the biggest event of the meet, would be won by the visiting club, that was from Charleston. There were plenty of negroes who had plenty of money, and the betting was mostly in Charleston's favor. Sam Livers could see weakness in Ted Glass and he believed that it was mostly laziness. Sam knew how the dope was running, and he had a bug, but he kept it in his own ear. He knew that if the race was to be won, it must be done by Ted. The other runners were, so to speak, to fill up the team with the required number of men. The men for the other events of the meet were training steadily. They were aware that they were going to come against a strong club.

III.

It was the day of the meet. Sam looked anxiously at the visiting club and saw that the dope was still in Charleston's favor. Sam saw that his last resort was necessary. He went to a drug store and purchased two ounces of oil of mustard.

"Ted's a good fellah," he thought, "but he is lazy and needs er indooement. Maybe he won't mind when I explain it ter him."

Sam went to the locker room and saw that Ted had not yet arrived. Unobserved he took Ted's shirt from his locker and distributed the oil of mustard in spots about the inside.

"Jus' wait," he thought, "till that boy gets damp an' hot, den we'll see about the dope."

Sam could tell that the betting increased in Charleston's favor after their arrival.

"I spec they'll all support us bettah nex' yeah," he murmured.

The field was crowded and it was now time for the meet to start. During the first part Charleston held a lead in points, but Lightning rallied and just before the last point, which was the mile race, the score became tied. Sam was worried because the oil of mustard in Ted's shirt might not have the desired effect. It surely was a great meet at any rate. The score tied, and the last point about to be made. The enthusiasm was increased, for the negroes who were supporting Charleston were sure of their money.

Finally the mile race started and Ted got off third. As the race was long, it was necessary for some one to set a pace. One of the visitors set a stiff pace that seemed impossible to hold, but at the end of a half mile Lightning was trailing behind, with Ted fifth. He truly was trying. Suddenly his speed increased. Sam was smiling. Ted was now in third place, now second, and a moment later leading. The crowd was frantic. This sudden burst of speed seemed foolish so far from the end of the race. Ted left the rest far behind and not once did he slow up. He crossed the finish line and ran through the crowd, knocking people right and left. He headed straight for the club house. Sam was already there and had a large bottle of olive oil and some cold cream. He jerked Ted out from under the cold shower he had gotten into and snatched off the shirt. Ted was now groaning aloud, for he burned as though there were a red hot iron on every side. The pain lessened under Sam's rubbing and soon Ted and Sam were joined by the other members. Ted listened to reason and laughed with the rest. Max came limping in, soaking wet.

"Dem Charleston fellers done started a row and de fiah department had ter stop 'em wid water, an' I got wet 'fore I could get away.

D. L. SCOTT, '27.



That's My Baby



CLANG! Clang!" rang the signal bell in Fire Hall No. 2. This is No. 2's call. Pete, Joe, Buck and Henry jumped up from their pinochle game. Shorty cut off the radio, and everybody jumped into his equipment and took his place on the truck. The captain gave his "Let's go!" and Smithy stepped on it. The powerful motor gave a thundering reply and the big truck shot out of the station.

"Fifteenth and Harwell!" shouted the captain, "and speed it up." Smithy nodded and opened her up. The powerful truck fairly flew the remaining ten blocks to box No. 12, where the signal was given.

"Good Lord!" cried the captain as they drove up, "it's one of those old tenements!"

The captain was right. Three four-story frame buildings were crammed together on Harwell Street. The middle one was burning like fury. The firemen devoted their labors to saving the other two.

"Everybody out all right?" asked the chief.

"Yep, all—what's that?"

"My baby! my baby!" screamed a woman. "Oh, save my baby!"

"Where is your baby, lady?" asked the chief.

The woman indicated the room with a trembling hand. It was on the top floor at the corner of the burning building. The captain's ruddy face paled. He knew that it was next to impossible to get to that room.

"I believe that I can get in, Cap," spoke up Smithy.

"But you'd never come out alive," the captain said.

"But that pore little kid up there—"

"Well, go ahead," said the captain, "and may the Lord help you."

"Wait a minute!" cried the excited lady, "it's only—" But Smithy had gone. He snatched up a rope and rushed to the top of the building on the left. At the corner of this building he tied one end of the rope. He then threw

the other end of the rope into a room on the fourth floor of the same building. Smithy ran to this room and grabbed the rope. It was a fifteen-foot jump to that window where the baby was. Could he make it? He doubted it. Anyway, he jumped. All his buddies cheered as he reached his goal. Still clutching the rope, Smithy disappeared in the window. He groped around in the smoke-filled room, trying in vain to find the baby.

"There it is!" he cried as he saw something lying on a little bed across the room. But Smithy was disappointed. It wasn't a baby at all. It was a little shaggy poodle dog. Smithy crammed it into the pocket of his slicker.

After scouting around in the adjacent rooms he grabbed the rope and swung back to the other building. He hurried back to the truck. "Well, I saved something," said Smithy, as he pulled the little poodle from his big pocket.

"My baby! my baby!" yelled the woman, and she snatched the dog from Smithy.

"Well, I'll swear and be durned!" said the captain, "is that your baby?"

"Yes, sir," said the woman, in the words of the famous song, "that's my baby."

"Well, of all the nerve," continued the captain, "sending my man up there to risk his life for a pooch."

"I'll have you to know he's no pooch," said the woman. "He's a genuine Fitz-Wampus poodle, and—"

"I don't care what the devil he is," said the captain, "I wouldn't—"

"I know you wouldn't. You're too old and—"

The captain gave up. He was really sore. But Smithy thought it was a pretty good joke and laughed it off.

It was a pretty good day for old No. 2, anyway. Smithy was cited by the fire chief for his brave deed. This, of course, brought honor on the company and favor on the head of the valiant Smithy.

That evening the company was being entertained by the radio. "Mr. Alvin Wilson," said the voice over the radio, "will now sing 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby.'"

"That's not a bad song after all," said Smithy, admiring his new watch, a present from the chief. All nodded assent except the captain, who somehow couldn't see the humor of the situation. "That darned woman," he started, "Oh, well, such is the life of a fireman."

GEORGE MARTIN, '27.

Fancy

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?"
So asked Shakespeare, famous man.
If he knows not, tell me who can.

Fancy is but youth itself,
On the guise of gnome or elf.
Possessing souls whose thoughts do stray
In either gnome or elf-like way.

If one's thoughts are pure and good,
Lovely things, one's fancy should
Help and keep the spirit bright,
And in the soul a lasting light.
She shows a way to higher things,
And beauty to one's spirit brings.

But if fancy's in the head,
Tell me why is fancy dead.
In these beings called mature,
Maybe it's because they are sure,
And need not fancy's helping hand
In getting to the promised land.

But if the heart's its resting place,
Though heads grow old the heart keeps pace,
Pace with one's self, that's what's desired,
For why climb on when the soul is tired?

ALBERT NOBLE, '27.

TALES FROM THE TURNBULL

The Pant'er of Snail Basin

 SEVERAL years ago in the wilds of the southwest corner of Cheatham County ranged what was reputed to be a very wild and rapacious animal that had killed dogs, broken up hunts and frightened several brave men badly enough to make them hurry home to the protection of their wives. Numerous tales were heard of how Ed and Ulus McQuarry, two renowned fox hunters of those parts, who had a large pack of good fox hounds, were hunting one night with their dogs in full voice on a hot trail, when suddenly the dogs halted and ran back to their masters and would not hunt any more that night; of how Bill Yates stayed out too late and was scared by something in the bushes that made a "hair-raising noise," so Bill said, and it followed him till he reached his home in Snail Basin, no matter how slow he walked or how fast he ran; of how "Skinny" Walker, an accredited 'possum hunter, was hunting by himself one night a couple of miles from home and his dogs came back to him and refused to hunt any more or, in fact, to leave his heels no matter what he did to them. Then hearing a rustling sound in the woods he quickened his steps and turned toward home. The faster he walked the faster the noise became, and when he stopped the noise stopped, too. "Shore hit must be that pant'er," Skinny said aloud to himself, "and the quickest I can get away from here will be too slow." So saying he grabbed his hat and tried to outrun his dogs, and would have succeeded but his wind gave out on him. The men also who hauled lumber from Campbell's Mill to the railroad station told how they had had a breakdown and had to come home in the dark, and were followed by an animal of some kind that stayed in the woods, and they said it "made the durndest noise any of us ever heard," and followed them until they got within sight of the mill.

Such stories as these could be heard around the mills, the stores or the family firesides. Now strange as it may

seem, no unusual animal that would answer any of the various descriptions of the pant'er was ever seen in daylight, nor clearly at night, although some said they had seen it at night and described it as being bigger than a dog and solid black.

The boys, even the courting ones, seldom went anywhere alone at night, not even on horseback, for hadn't young "Wash" been thrown on account of that "infernal varmint" scaring the mule he was riding. And what would've become of Wash if one of his friends hadn't been with him?

Notwithstanding all these tales, John Bell, Joe Hindman, Thomas Stanley and Jim Goodrich, all boys but Jim, who was an experienced hunter of various game, as bear, deer, pant'er, fox and 'coon, went hunting one night. They had heard about the pant'er, but they, like many others, attributed the pant'er to imaginary tales and believed none of them. The hunters had Enis and Jenis, two veteran red bone fox hounds, which had caught and killed several wildcats and foxes unassisted. As they went up Polecat Hollow the dogs struck a hot trail and in a few minutes bayed, but before the boys could get there the dogs were gone again.

"Sounds like a running fight," Jim said, "and if I know them dogs they'll just aboot come down by Seven Springs to Periwinkle Branch, and if we run to Periwinkle we may get a shot or at least see the varmint."

It was true, but the boys had to go through so much underbrush they didn't get to Periwinkle in time to do more than turn the varmint up Hogpen Hollow.

"We've got 'im now, boys," Jim yelled.

One part of Periwinkle's Branch had worn a place in the branch bed about ten feet deep and four feet wide, and it was bounded on either side by steep bluffs. The dogs ran their prey into this natural pen and were fighting desperately to keep it in the pen when the boys came up. John, who was carrying the light, got the first look at the quarry. "It's the pant'er!" he exclaimed, and dropping the light he

climbed a tree, telling the others to do the same, which Tom did as soon as he saw John drop the light. Jim and he got there just as the pant'er forced its way to the branch. As the pant'er went by him Joe shot. When they pulled the dogs off, Jim's voice rang out on the night, "Shore, it looks jest lak a' old black sow that has had her ears cut off. Har, har! Boys, yo 'all can come outa them 'ar trees now; we killed the pant'er." When John and Tom got where the sow was, they were both ashy white. "I knew it was a hog all the time," said Tom. "I just wanted to scare you."

John and Tom were the laughing stock of the whole country side for some time thereafter, but the pant'er of Snail Basin hasn't been heard of since.

LAURENCE TREANOR, '26.

To Sea!

A steady breeze doth blow off shore,
The waves do dance with glee,
So weigh the anchor now, my lads,
And we will out to sea.

I'm sick and tired of lubbers all,
To stay I have no notion.
So hoist the sails, my hearty crew,
And a cheer for the bonny ocean.

Tonight we'll be far out from land,
Our spirits once more free;
That's a sailor's place, and a sailor's life,
And that's the life for me.

MOULTRIE BALL, '27.

Love and Fame

MR. GRAY! Are you Mr. Gray, sir; Donald Gray? Lady to see you, sir, in the 'Blue Room.' Yes, sir," pocketing a quarter, "thank you, sir."

"Roberta Grant! What in the dickens can she want," mused Donald, walking in the direction of the Blue Room. Why, I only met her last week—niece of the famous William Grant. How in the dickens did she happen to catch me at lunch here at the Plaza?"

In a moment she stood before him.

"Oh, Mr. Gray, it's awfully good to see you again. Mr. Clarke said I might find you here at one, and I didn't know where else to catch you. I know you are terribly busy, but couldn't you let me have just a minute?"

Donald could. His dazed mind was more at sea than ever as he sat down opposite her.

"You see I'm planning to build on the property my father left me on Long Island," she continued. "Mr. Clarke told me quite a bit about you. I understand that your ideas are very original and your architectural future is very promising.

"Uncle William has consented to my building and I do so want something original in design. Won't you have dinner with us tomorrow night so that we may talk it over more definitely? Oh, lovely! Yes, about eight."

II.

Donald Gray had been in New York for a little more than a year and had reached the height of a twenty-five-hundred-dollar a year position with Bryan, Rollin & Bryan, one of those big concerns where the salaried men do all the work and the members of the firm get the credit.

A clean-cut youth of twenty-six, with dark hair and eyes, an engaging smile and a pleasing personality as his only assets, Gray had come to the city with high hopes, his ready imagination already picturing him at the pinnacle

of success within a remarkably short span of time. True, he had been raised to twenty-five hundred within three months after his arrival, but that was ten weary months ago and ten months will do much towards disillusionment.

Donald was confident of his talent and he was also sure that he was giving more than satisfactory work. But when you receive no credit for your work how would any one find out that you really had talent and originality.

Then, too, there was Dorothy. It was she who had sent him off to New York fired with determination. But you can't expect a girl to wait indefinitely, especially one like Dorothy, who numbered her proposals by the dozen. Even though willing to wait, it was hardly fair.

So Fred Clarke was his last chance, thought Donald. Fred was a frat brother of his whom he had met on a house party a few months before coming to New York. Fred had proven to be a real friend in spite of the ten years' difference between their ages. Fred made a business of loafing on a large inherited income, as it was rather hard for Donald to keep the pace.

III.

Donald arrived at his apartment to find Fred sprawled out in the one easy chair, lazily drawing on a cigarette. On seeing his friend, he jumped up. "Don, boy," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "your fortune is made! Bobby Grant fell for you at that Smith affair last week. Your slaving days are all over but the shouting. Did you see her today?"

"Yes, she—"

"I knew it. Don, you're made! Don't look at me like you think I'm a lunatic—I'm shooting you straight dope."

"Well, for the love of Pete, calm down and tell me what it's all about."

"I told you Bobby Grant took a fancy to you last week."

"Well?"

"Anybody Bobby takes a fancy to means success for that individual."

"I don't get you, Fred. Talk English."

"Listen, Don," Fred said, suddenly sobered, "you are young, good looking, and women are attracted by that Southern drawl of yours. Bobby has about twenty million in her own name, and an indulgent old uncle as her guardian. What more could you want? As I said before, Bobby fell—hard. She is in a position to make you successful. Build that country home for her and she'll see to it that you will become the most sought-after architect in New York—but not until she becomes Mrs. Donald Blair Gray. Marry her and you'll have New York at your feet."

"Good lord, Fred, what makes you think she wants to marry me?"

"She hasn't thought about it yet, but she will. She is accustomed to loafers and tea-hounds, but you are a different type. You work for a living and yet possess tact and good breeding. Take her by storm and she'll be yours in a month. I'll finance the whole business. You mustn't let her know you haven't a cent."

"What about Dorothy?"

"Dorothy be damned! Bobby will realize your dreams as an architect, give you wealth and an unquestionable social position. What more can you want?"

"What about love?"

"Love! My lord, you are old-fashioned."

"H'm!"

"H'm, hell! Don, this is an opportunity you can't overlook."

"Well, I—er—I've got till tomorrow night to think it over."

"Oh, all right, but there can be but one answer."

IV.

"Oh, Don, dear," cried Bobby, snuggling closer in his arms. "I love you so. You've made me so happy, but, darling, I have a terrible confession to make. Promise me you won't hate me for it. I deliberately planned to marry you from the moment I saw you. Don, dear, can you forgive my scheming?"

"Of course, darling. I love you all the more for it." Don lied with good grace, but hating himself for doing it.

"Don, let's announce our engagement next Friday—I'm having a dinner party then."

"Oh, no, not yet—I mean—er—I—er—you see, dear, there are certain reasons—er—business reasons why we can't do it yet. We have plenty of time, darling; let it be three or four weeks."

"Oh, all right; but I don't see why," Bobby said with a pout that a kiss failed to remove.

V.

Some weeks later Donald could have been seen pacing up and down his room, occasionally kicking some article of clothing into a corner of the berumpled apartment. Ash trays and floor were covered with cigarette butts and dead matches, and a heavy cloud of tobacco smoke filled the room.

If Bobby could have seen the grimy face with a two-day beard from which a pair of haggard eyes gleamed dully she would probably have retracted her statement about "her darling looking Don."

"My God," thought Don, "if this keeps up I'll go crazy." Suddenly he stopped his pacing, sitting down at his desk he took out pen and paper. After an hour of frantic writing, of which the waste basket claimed the greater part, he held up a letter in each hand.

"My dear Bobby," the first read, "I have come to the conclusion that we have made a great mistake. I'm afraid that neither of us loves the other enough to be tied together for life. It has just been a silly affair that will soon pass from our thoughts, and it would be a great mistake to consider it in any other light. I hope you will think kindly of me. Some day I feel sure you will thank me for having done this. Sincerely, Donald."

The second letter was almost a facsimile of the first but addressed to Dorothy.

"Which shall I send?" thought Donald, continuing his pacing. "One means wealth and personal success, the other love and happiness. Which will mean the most to me? Dare I accept success without happiness?"

Tortured with these questions he finally fell exhausted into a chair and soon sank into oblivion.

Early the next morning Donald rushed over to Fred's apartment, much refreshed by a bath, a shave and clean linen. The haggard look on his face had gone and the corners of his mouth were carved into a half smile.

"Fred," he exclaimed, bursting into the bedroom, "my nerves are all shot to pieces. I'm leaving on the 10:10 for my aunt's place in the country, where I can rest up a bit. Guess I'll stop by home on the way back. I'll be gone about a week or ten days. Be good, old man, and write me if you have a chance. Oh, yes, mail this letter for me about four or five hours after I leave, will you? So long."

Fred glanced at the letter and wondered. It was addressed to Bobby.

W. C. CHRISTOPHER, '26.



The Rev. Rastus Brown's Speech on the Liquor Menace

BEFORE eleven o'clock on Sunday morning the Rev. Rastus Brown sat in his study peering over the rims of his spectacles at the proof of his speech for the sermon that morning. His sermon was of great importance to the colored population of his city. The realization of this made him think, "I'se got to convince dese peoples dat dey has got to quit usin' liquor." With these words he rose from his chair and advanced into the auditorium of the First Baptist Church (colored).

He mounted the rostrum, laid his speech on the Bible before him, and prepared to address the crowd. After the formalities had been performed, the Rev. Rastus Brown began his famous speech on the liquor menace.

"Brethren and sistren, I'se come befo yo all dis mornin' to tell yo all of the liquor menace in dis here part o' town." As this topic appealed to the crowd they all immediately became intensely silent. "Dis liquor menace have got to stop immediately! If we all is gonna go to heban we has got to reform. Now! I is gonna ask Deekin Smith here to give yo all a word o' prayer on the subject."

Deekin Smith came forth and wrought with the sinners before the Lord in prayer. Then the Rev. Rastus Brown continued, "Brothers, I'se gonna ask you all, now dat yo is sobbin', and in the right spirit, to do dis one thing. If any one here has any liquor on dem please place it in de basket as the ushers pass 'em."

The ushers passed the baskets through the rows of seats where approximately five hundred people were seated. After the movement had been started, half pint and pint bottles, filled with red, white, and yellow contents began to clink as they fell in heaps in the baskets. When every one had been offered a chance to contribute to the collection, four hundred and ninety-nine pints were found to be the total.

After the count the Rev. Rastus Brown rose, advanced to the front of the rostrum, then began to speak. "We have a total of four hundred and ninety-nine pints! Let's see—at \$2.00 per pint this will net the church \$998.00. Gentlemen, my plan is dis. As we all has contributed to de pile I moves we allot dis liquor out to all de Deekins and hab dem peddle it out in town. Jus' think—nearly a thousand bucks to go on our new church. As it is for de church, sellin' dis liquor will be O. K." Every one agreed to this plan.

The next Sunday morning the Rev. Rastus Brown addressed the congregation, "Ladies and gentlemens, we will start work on our new church immediately as we has an additional thousand bucks in de treasury." This statement was concluded with great excitement.

HAROLD WORLEY, '26.

How Sally Was Lost

This was her first visit to the city; she was young and beautiful. The environment of the farm was portrayed upon her unusually pretty face. She was of healthful figure, beautifully formed body and possessed of a sweet, high pitched voice, the pride of her home.

She had come to town with the family on Saturday in the large farm wagon. The wagon was parked on the public square while the family had gone shopping; but she had lost her way. The city was strange to her, she knew not a soul, she was lost in the midst of the city without the least idea of where her family was, or where their wagon was parked. What was she to do? The fear of being lost frightened her, she was so young. She thought she would walk around the square and try to find her family's wagon. To her they all looked alike.

Finally she decided she would crawl into the wagon of a prosperous farmer and sleep, and rest her weary legs. She

crawled under the hay of the wagon and immediately went to sleep. Farmer Brown decided to go home. In his hurry to leave town before nightfall he didn't see the poor little figure in the back of the wagon. She was so tired and sleepy that she didn't wake until the farmer had reached home. She waited until the horses were unhitched and she was left alone before she ventured to stir.

When Farmer Brown had gone into the house she crawled carefully out of the wagon and out into the yard to search for someone who would give her some food.

Dark had overtaken her, she was miles from home, what was she to do? She climbed to the top of the fence which parted the yard from the barnyard and began to sing, then to cry. She was lost, hungry, and knew no one. She cried louder and louder; her heart was about to break. Tears began to flow down her pretty face. Louder still she cried. All of a sudden a window was raised. Farmer Brown looked out and saw her there on the fence. She raised her head and cried again. Farmer Brown left the window, but soon he returned. This time he had a shoe in his hand which he flung with all his might at her and yelled, "Darn that cat!" "Beat it!" The shoe hit her, knocked her off of the fence, and started her running. She ran into the highway, and far away into the dark and lonesome night.

HAROLD WORLEY, '26.



Charlie's Policy



OW Charlie, if you take out this policy," said Mr. Brownlee, the agent, "we'll give you two big round dollars a day when you're too sick to work."

"Well, 'at sounds mighty good," said Charlie. "I 'spect you'd better pit me down for one of 'em."

Up to this time Mr. Brownlee had been unable to interest Charlie in insurance, but the "two dollars a day in case of illness" sounded better than "one thousand dollars in case of death, and Charlie gave him the dollar and a half required by the contract.

Now Charlie worked at the ice house. As his duties were light his pay was small. In fact, his weekly pay envelope contained only nine dollars.

"Now look-a-here," Charlie mused, "If I work I makes a dollar fo' bits, and if I don't I makes two dollars.

So Charlie decided to become a professional invalid.

The next day Charlie's mother, Mandy, called the agent on the phone. "Lawdy mussy, Mr. 'surance man," she wailed, "Charlie's got a tubul misery, and cain't go to work today. You can jest send his money over this mawnin!

Mr. Brownlee, suspecting that something was up, dropped by and got the company doctor.

"I am afraid Charlie's playing possum on us," said Mr. Brownlee, "and we'll have to scare him up a bit."

The doctor, who had a great deal of experience with this sort of thing, readily consented. When they arrived at Charlie's house Mandy was waiting on the porch. She directed them to Charlie's room. There they saw Charlie stretched across a bed, a terrible look of agony on his face. The long experienced doctor readily recognized the fact that Charlie was putting on.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "I do believe this fellow has hypertosis."

"Good night," said the agent, "and you'll have to cut out his oesophagus?"

"I suppose there is nothing else to do," said the doctor, drawing from his satchel a long, shiny knife and a vicious looking little saw.

Charlie recovered instantly. "Lordy mussy, Mr. Doctor," he cried, "I ain't got no hybocasis. I'm perfectly all right now."

"Well, I ought to amputate now," said the doctor. "But I hate to ruin your appearance. I'll put it off. But the very next time that you have an attack I'll just have to do it." With this he departed.

Charlie, realizing his predicament, never had another attack of "hypertosis," and dropped the policy in a few weeks as a bad investment.

G. MARTIN, '27.

Tomorrow

Laugh and be merry, for life is short;	But that is tomorrow! Today we smile,
And when at last 'tis done,	For our hearts are happy and glad;
Perhaps we'll smile at victories lost	So we'll laugh and dance the hours away,
And sigh for victories won.	With never a thought to be sad.
Live for today! Tomorrow may come	Why should we worry about tomorrow?
With sadness filled and fears;	Why, tomorrow we may be dead,
Laugh while you may, for tomorrow you'll have	And our bodies may rot with never a thought
Enough of heartaches and fears.	Of things we've done or said.
In every life there's a broken chord,	And this, you see, is my motto:
A chord that you try to forget,	Be merry and laugh while you may.
And whether the deed be big or small,	Why worry about tomorrow?
Its payment has to be met.	That's twenty-four hours away.
	W. C. Christopher, '26.

Ching Low's Revenge

 AS this the den where Marcelline was taken, Deval wondered. Surely all clues led to the mysterious lair of Ching Low, the terrible Chinese leader of the underworld. Well, he would do some investigating on his own hook anyway. Drawing his two Colt automatics, he slipped on tip-toes down the dimly lighted passage, scarcely daring to breathe. He was afraid the pounding of his heart would betray him. Suddenly, on approaching a door, he heard voices and then a woman's scream. "That is Marcelline's voice," gasped Deval. If they hurt her—," and he uttered a terrible oath. He approached the door in a raging anger and started to splinter it with his shoulders. At that moment he heard a slight noise behind him. A steel partition had been thrown across the passage completely blocking it. He rushed to the partition, and frantically beat on it with his hands. It was all in vain.

"Trapped like a dog," Deval groaned. What a fool I was to rush in like this. And our hero bent his handsome head and wept for sheer shame. Just then several figures hurled themselves on all sides of him. Although Deval fought like the brave man that he was, he succumbed to the overpowering weight of sheer numbers. Battered and bleeding, he was led to a room ornamented by rich Oriental furnishings. A large image of Buddha occupied one corner of the room.

The beautiful Marcelline had been cast at the feet of Ching Low, who sat on a kind of throne. Her soulful eyes appealed to the dreaded Chinaman in vain. Then when Deval was brought in she uttered a cry and ran toward him, but she never reached our hero, for several sneering Chinamen held her away. Ching Low, with an evil smile lighting up his contorted countenance said, "The American knew better than to oppose the plans of Buddha and Ching Low. Buddha has decreed that this American will suffer the death reserved for the White dogs who attempt to frus-

trate his intentions." In saying this he drew his hand slowly toward his heart with the motion of stabbing himself. Marcelline cried out in horror and Deval's face assumed the color of death.

"You dirty coward—." A stunning blow in the back of his head felled him to the floor.

"Place him on the altar and bring the sacrificial knife," ordered Ching Low, enjoying the horror of the sweethearts. This being done, the underworld leader, holding the dagger high over his head, advanced slowly toward Deval. Marcelline implored him to spare our hero's life, and was rewarded by a slap on her beautiful mouth. And still Ching Low came on, now with the grinning stare of a maniac carved on his horrid visage. As he leaned his leering face over that of Deval's, cold sweat broke out on the forehead of Marcelline's sweetheart, and a cry for the first time escaped from his lips. Slowly the knife of Ching Low descended toward the heart of our hero. Deval struggled in agony to release himself, he fought like a madman, still the gleaming dagger wielded by a fiend came closer, and closer, and then with a mighty—.

"That will be all for today, we will stop there," said Herbert Fitz Gordon, the famous director of the Third National Pictures. We will shoot that same scene in Ching Low's Revenge tomorrow. Everyone eat lunch and take the rest of the day off."

And another day came to pass in Hollywood.

JOHN MCEWEN, '26.



The Fate of Wild Cat Jones



HE North Nashville Athletic Club had for some time been trying to find an opponent for their fierce colored boxing "champ" Rastus Jones who fought, or who intended to fight under the name of "Wild Cat" Jones, when his club arranged a meeting which would bring some champion to Nashville to meet the pride of Jo Johnston Street.

Far and wide the North Nashville Athletic Club searched for a club which would send their champion to meet Wild Cat Jones, The Terror of Nashville. Finally one morning "Slim" Smith, a prominent member dashed into the shack the club claimed as their club house. "Fellows," he exclaimed, "I'se done got a match fo' Wild Cat." A shout of joy went up when the good news reached the ears of the club members. "Send fo' Wild Cat," Smith commanded. Soon Wild Cat was sent for and was on his way. On his arrival the club members began to shake his hand and tell him of the match "Slim" Smith had arranged for him. "Who's I gonna fight?" inquired Wild Cat. "You is gonna fight Jim Simms, the Panther of Gallatin," returned Smith. "Dat's all right!" returned Wild Cat.

The day of the fight was a week off. So the training of Wild Cat Jones had to be started immediately. To Slim's suggestion, "You'se got to begin to train. " "I'se done begun!" exclaimed Wild Cat.

The entire week was spent in training, that is, all of the time Wild Cat's wife would let him off from carrying washing.

Wild Cat considered himself in the pink of condition on the morning of the fight. In fact he boasted that he only wished he was to meet Jack Dempsey instead of the Gallatin champion.

At one o'clock the sale of tickets started and by two bells the North Nashville Athletic Club's auditorium was filled to capacity, an hour before the fight was called. In

fact there was a large crowd on the sidewalk which could not get in. Jo Johnston Street was in a great stir to know just how the fight would come out.

At three o'clock the Gallatin Champ was in the ring ready to go. Wild Cat dashed in five minutes after, jumped into the ring and made a big bow, then sat down that he might await the referee's commands and instructions. After the referee had rendered his speech, the two champs sprang to their feet and began the fight immediately.

Soon after the first blow was struck the angry voice of a woman was heard, as Wild Cat Jones' wife came pushing her way past the door keeper, crawling over many of the spectators, cussing and hitting them with her umbrella, as she pushed and fought her way through the crowd. "Whar is dat husban' ob mine? Jus' let me git my han' on dat black rascal! I'se gonna kill him!" Soon she had reached the ringside and started to climb into the ring. Someone grabbed her leg to pull her back, but much to his surprise she placed a square kick on his lower jaw which laid the black man sprawling headlong on the floor. In a moment she was in the ring. She grabbed Wild Cat by the ear, beat him over the head with her umbrella, cursing him she said, "Black man, didn't I tell yo' all to carry dat laundry fo' me dis afternoon? Yo' git right home NOW!" Pulling Wild Cat behind her she glared fiercely at the Gallatin Champ. Then like a tiger she pounced upon him, and with a squarely placed punch, knocked the astounded Simms against the ropes, where he drooped unconsciously. Again she turned on Wild Cat, boxing his ears, pushed him from the ring. Quickly she turned to the much amazed and frightened audience, "If der be anybody here who tries to stop me I'se gonna knock der black block off!" With this said, she again turned to Wild Cat and escorted him safely through the disturbed audience. Soon someone cried, "Les' get our money back, dis is a skin game!" The disorderly crowd then realized that the fight was over. They all sprang to their feet and made a mad rush for the box office to demand their money back.

The ticket seller was last seen running toward the N., C. & St. L. station hotly pursued by a mob of blood thirsty blacks.

HOWARD WORLEY, '26.

Double Crossed



HE shadows were lengthening perceptibly as Squeegy Potts opened the rickety door of the Royal Cafe and stepped in from the gathering darkness. He scowled into the questioning faces that looked up from their beer glasses to see who the intruder might be, then he sauntered to a table in the far corner and slumped down heavily. He turned his head until his eyes met those of the fat bartender. He raised his brows and gave him an inquiring look, but the bartender only shook his head. Squeegy let out an oath, slumped back in his chair, and closed his eyes.

Presently a neatly dressed individual walked in and looked around the place. When he spied Squeegy he smiled and walked over to him. He gave him a shake and sat down beside him. Squeegy looked up and grabbed him by the arm:

"Gov'nor!" he cried, "I'm sure glad tu see yu, kid, 'cause they're hot on my trail for that Landis job we pulled off last week."

"Don't worry about that, Squeegy," the neat individual replied, "they'll never catch us for that job. But listen, we got to pull off one more job tonight then we'll be through; tomorrow we can pull out and leave this town forever, what do you say?"

"It's all right with me," Squeegy replied, "so long as we don't git caught. Be sure it's a safe job for I ain't in no shape tu ride time."

"Oh, it's safe all right," the sleek one said, "they're the only kind I pick. Well, I gotta be going. I'll meet you here at eleven. S'long."

"S'long, Gov'ner," Squeegy replied.

The sleek individual, whom we shall know in the future as Rodney Parkes, had one thought in his mind, to double-cross Squeegy and grab all the swag for himself, then hop town. When he left Squeegy he was laughing inwardly, "Such a poor fool, he little suspects what plans I've made for his destruction this night."

Squeegy also had a plan in his mind but he, a coward, as most crooks are, was afraid to carry it out, so he decided to play square and split with Rodney, then they could hop town together and maybe he could doublecross him in some other burg.

As soon as Parkes left Squeegy, he went to a telephone booth and called a number. "Hello, Sergeant, this is Parkes. Everything set for tonight? Good! We'll get him tonight. I ought to get that promotion for this, don't you think? Uh-huh, well, s'long." Then he left the booth and took in a cheap show where he could spend his time until eleven.

Presently Squeegy left the cafe with the object of seeing his girl before pulling off his last job and leaving town. He had hardly reached the avenue before two men grabbed him, one by each arm. "Easy, Potts," one said, "just come with us, we won't harm you; honest we won't. We just want some info' from you, kid."

"Baloney, Squeegy growled. "I know what you want; you want to hold me for a job yu think I done, but youse guys got the wrong number this time. I'm tellin' yu straight." He began struggling.

Naw, naw, Squeegy," the man said, "I swear we don't want you for no job; we're the law all right. I'll tell you that now; but honest, if you give us the right information, we'll treat you white, honest. Now, what do you say, will you come along quiet?"

"Looks like I got to," he growled again. "You two bulls got the drop on me. What else kin I do?"

"All right; let's go," the detective said.

The government buildings always made Squeegy shudder when he entered them; but as he went in this time it

was with a feeling of hope, hope that perhaps he would come out again. They took him to the offices of the Chief of Detectives Stuart, and sat him in a room alone. A few minutes later one man entered and sat opposite him. "Now listen, Potts," he began, "you don't know me but tell me everything you know, if you want it to go light on yourself. Do you know a man named Rodney Parkes?"

"Yes," Squeegy said, "but listen here, mister, I ain't no doublecrosser, and I ain't goin' to squeal on no buddy."

"Shut up!" the detective replied, "and answer my questions direct. I'll tell you something about doublecrossing later, you poor little fool. He's doublecrossing you worse than you ever thought of doublecrossing him."

"What?" Squeegy cried.

"That's all right, now," the man replied, "just answer my questions now. Tell me all you know about Parkes, and be damn quick!"

Squeegy told everything that he and Parkes had done in the past, but he omitted the plans they had made for that night.

When he had finished the man said, "You are pretty honest about the past, but what about the job you intend to pull off tonight?"

Squeegy gasped. "Wh-what? How did you know about that?"

The man smiled. "Oh, Potts, we have ways and means to find out things of that kind, I know so much about you that I know that what you have told me is the truth."

"You must have smart detectives," Squeegy smiled sheepishly. "I wish I was one instead of a crook. I bet you feel a lot easier."

"Quite a lot," the man smiled benignly. "Say, Squeegy, how'd you like to be one, say just for tonight?"

"What are you talking about?" Squeegy inquired. "You know I could never be trusted on the force."

"Well, we can come to that later. I for one can trust you by what you have told me tonight, and I'm the only one that really counts. But to get down to the nature of

this visit,—I want your services for tonight. What do you say?"

Squeegy held out his hand. "Put it there, Cap. I'm at your service. I feel better already. You know what, Cap; it's heck to be hunted all the time."

"Yes," said the chief, "I imagine it is, but I want to lay out my plans for you for tonight. Come on let's go in here with the rest of the boys."

"All right, Cap," said Squeegy.

* * * * *

"All set?" asked Parkes, as they left the Royal Cafe late that night.

"Sure, Gov'ner," replied Squeegy. "I'm an everready guy."

"All right, kid," said Parkes. "Let's make for the lay out."

"Want to hail a taxi?" Squeegy suggested.

"Naw, we got plenty of time," said the sleek one, "we'll walk."

"Suits me," said Squeegy.

Governor Windsor's home, for that was their objective this night, was a veritable mansion; beautiful grounds surrounded the place, and an abundance of shrubs and underbrush afforded an ideal place for ambush.

Parkes and Squeegy scaled the high wall and began slinking through the underbrush toward the big house. They climbed a balcony and forced a French door that gave access to the balcony.

"Go on in, Squeegy," Parkes said, "and locate the safe while I watch."

"Locate it?" Squeegy cried hoarsely, "I thought you knew the lay of this job upside down. Go on in yourself. You're the one that's going to crack the old geezer's safe anyway."

"All right, all right," Parkes remonstrated. "But not so loud, someone may hear you."

"That's all right; go on in!"

Parkes went in, flashed his light about and quickly found the safe that he was so familiar with; but as he touched the knob, the light came on all over the room and half a dozen detectives and policemen jumped into the room led by Chief Stuart.

"Stick 'em up, Parkes, we got you red-handed," the chief snarled.

"You got the wrong guy, chief," Parkes whined. "The little fool is out there on the balcony. I lured him here to do the job; now you got him in the act."

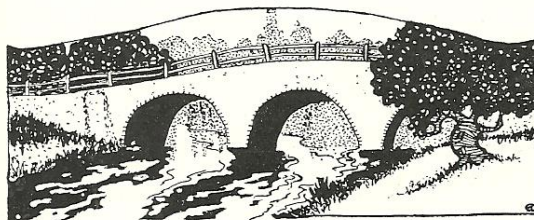
"Wrong guy, the devil," Stuart said. "I got you both and red-handed, each one trying to doublecross the other. He! he! That's a joke."

An hour later both Parkes and Squeegy were parked in the hoosegow. "Say," Squeegy said, "I've told you how they made a sap outa me to catch you and me at the same time; now you tell me where you come in on this."

"Aw-w," said Parkes, "I'm the original fish. I thought I was too slick to be caught in a razzberry trap like this; but I wasn't, as I found out. Two days ago they made me the same offer they made you; but they even made me plan the job we was trying to do, so they could catch you. Well," he was trying to make the wooden cot comfortable, "let's try and get used to these boards."

"I ain't in no hurry," said Squeegy, "we got about five years to do that in."

WADE PHILLIPS, '27.



Dad



VERY beautiful little essay was written for the Commencement Bulletin last year by George Baker called "Mother." I believe as he does, that Mother is the best friend a fellow has, or ever will have. But I also believe that Dad is the best pal a fellow can have. It is Dad who takes you on a fishing trip, goes hunting with you, and plays ball and tennis with you. Dad is the one to solve a fellow's little problems that Mother, even with all her loving care, cannot cope with. Dad will always stand through any trial with his boy. He stands by his boy just as much as Mother does, but most of the time not so noticeably as she.

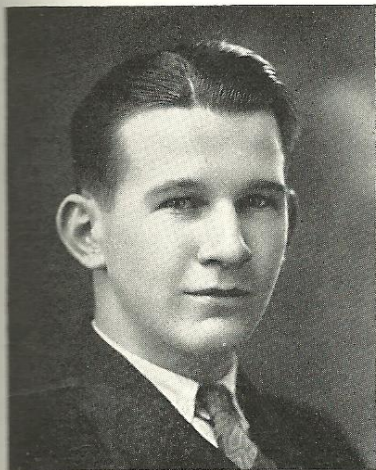
Many boys, who surely do not appreciate their Dads, always refer to them as "the old man" or "the governor." Somehow this lack of respect on the part of the boys for their fathers always causes a feeling of sadness, or perhaps of anger to come over me. I know what it meant to have a father and I know what it meant to lose one. Do not make the mistake of waiting too long, fellows, to find out what Dad means to you.

When a fellow is playing in a game his Dad is usually on the sidelines, cheering for his boy with all his heart. The boy knows this and it inspires him to do his best. I have seen many cartoons of an old man with hat caved in, collar and shirt awry, and a broken cane, shouting for his son to make a touchdown. And when the game is over, with his thumbs under his vest and a satisfied grin on his face, he says, "A son of his Father." That is one reason why a fellow should always endeavor to do his best to succeed, so his father may be able to say, "Just like his Dad."

So remember, fellows, just as Mother is your best friend, Dad is your best and truest pal, and always remember to respect him and treat him as such.

JOHN MCEWEN, '26.

The National Oratorical Contest



WILLIAM MOGAN

It was about the middle of March when more than half a dozen boys were thinking of having a try at the school contest to see who would represent the school in the National Oratorical Contest. All but three of these decided it was too much work.

William Mogan, junior classman, won the right to represent M. B. A. in the Nashville district. Speaking against representatives from Hume-Fogg High School, Peabody Demon-

stration School, and Central High School, he was awarded first place by the judges.

It was Friday, May 14, that Mr. Ball and his "team," Bill Mogan left for Chattanooga. On the 15th of May our Headmaster returned with his team one hundred dollars richer, besides a gold medal set with a diamond, and another State Championship for M. B. A.

In Chattanooga Mogan spoke against representatives from Mountain City, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Tyner County, McMinn County, and White County. The audience showed its approval when Mogan was again given the decision by the judges, all Chattanooga men.

Louisville was the next step. In this contest, the National Semi-Finals, the states were grouped so as to make it an intersectional affair, and Tennessee was placed with Kentucky, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Alabama. To win meant a two months trip to Europe; but fate ruled us out. The judges, four from Ohio and the

other from Illinois, awarded to the two young ladies the honors of the night. The representative from Kentucky received first place and the trip to Europe while, the representative from Connecticut won the second place.

We wish to record here our sincere appreciation of the many courtesies extended our representative by the Chattanooga Times, which managed and financed the Tennessee State contest; and also for similar entertainment and courtesies afforded by the Louisville Courier-Journal at the National Semi-Finals.

Following is the speech that won for M. B. A. her third State Championship in the year 1926.

THE CONSTITUTION

Through the ages and down the course of time struggling humanity has risen from the baseness of brutish instincts to heights of moral and intellectual beauty and strength. Correspondingly, governments have risen from tyranny and oppression to liberty and equality. As self-preservation gave way to unselfish devotion in the individual, in governments, war gave way to peace, universal slavery to freedom, religious persecution to tolerance. In brief, paganism was cast aside for Christianity and despotism overthrown by democracy. Christ led the individual to Christianity, the constitution of the United States gave the world its first real confidence in democracy as the ultimate form of human government.

The constitution of the United States! Under it every man is a free man and all men are equal; the masses cannot be oppressed by the few, nor can the masses oppress the few; more than 100,000,000 voices may shout their approval of a measure yet freedom of speech saves to a lone dissenting voice a hearing; instead of a few churches built and maintained by the state, free worshipping people have built for themselves a million churches which stand as monuments to their God. Ours is a land of freedom of liberty and tranquility. Ours is a land of tolerance and democracy. Ours is a heritage no others are privileged to claim.

These blessings, and they are next to life itself, are the gifts of our fathers, consecrated by their blood. Without the sacrifices they made and this constitution they gave us, history would have recorded for this continent, as it has for the other continents, bitter wars of religious persecution, oppression, rebellion and hate, the constant warring of neighboring states, desolate lands and peoples without hope. The builders of our constitution were free to form any government they might choose; they formed one in which the inherent right of self-government was made supreme. They provided for the security of every individual even against the government itself, and the ruling majority. They knew too well the dangers to liberty of unrestrained license and popular whims and caprices. Fundamental rights do not change with the styles or the seasons and such of these rights as life and liberty, freedom of worship and free speech and the pursuit of happiness must be secured to the individual personally and unalterably, and he must be protected against the will and desires of the surging majority.

The constitution at its incipency created a government suitable for 3,000,000 individuals in thirteen states. The flag that flies today boasts forty-eight stars and is cherished by 110,000,000 people. It is not a rockbound document to hold a new age by the customs and conditions of the past. It can be amended; it is flexible; it has passed through a difficult period of adjustment, to growth and progress, until today the United States, the leader among nations, can feel that its government is the most progressive in the world. Built upon the solid foundation of man's desire for freedom and equality, the vital spirit of the constitution appeals to the twentieth century as strongly as it did to the patriots of 1787.

Citizens of America, as great and beautiful as are the principles set out in our constitution, they pay no higher tribute to the genius of our forefathers than does the government they created. A government born of the constitution and made for it, it was the living thing that was to speak the constitution, that was to breathe the constitution

and that was to preserve it forever. Without it the fundamental truths and principles expressed in that great document were but mere words and pretty phrases, just a hope, just a dream.

With a firm and deep conviction that the constitution they had drawn was right, the framers determined it should stand. Realizing that without a powerful government it could not prevail, they made the government strong and gave it all the powers that were necessary for its perpetual existence and for the convenience and well-being of its people.

They gave the government power to make the laws that from time to time would become necessary. They gave it power to enforce these laws and power to construe them. The legislature to make the laws, the judiciary to interpret the laws and the executive to enforce them.

These provisions made a strong government, but the complete separation of these powers prevented oppression. This divided authority through checks and balances would perhaps have afforded ample protection to the people, but our forefathers having just seen the possibilities of a too powerful parliament set up another safeguard.

They established a tribunal beyond the favor of the public or the fear of authority whose foremost duty was the preservation of the constitution. Since all the fundamental and inherent rights are guaranteed by the constitution and since this tribunal, our supreme court, prevents that from being law which is in conflict with the constitution, the legislature at most can only inconvenience us. In truth then they gave us a government, now, the most powerful on the face of the earth and yet a government whose subjects are the freest in the world.

What figure of the strain of the blue-blooded kings in their divine succession towers like our humble Lincoln, yet it remained for our constitution to declared equality and crown true merit and solid worth. Once only aristocracy knew their letters and figures, but in these States every lad

has a school, and lest the cost of his books be a burden, we have made them free.

Rich man or poor man, gentile or Jew, foreigner or native, this is your country, and grateful you should be—your life is free and secure, your aims are encouraged and respected and your hope gratified. For these blessings given to us by God's decree and the constitution of the United States we should ever do reverence. If we but look behind to the days not long gone our eyes will behold a vast darkness, the black night of want and misery, of disbelief and superstition, of cruel humanity, of tyranny and oppression—but out of that night arose America's constitution, a flaming light of truth blazing with opportunity and happiness. May its brilliancy and luster dim not our eyes nor the warmth of its rays be wasted.

THE SEASONS

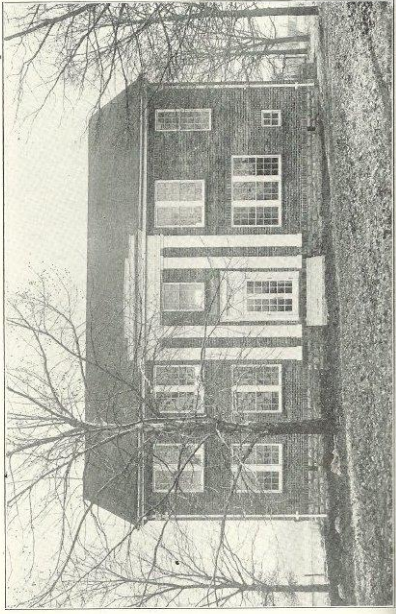
The springtime of life
Is happy and gay,
With never a thought of the
morrow.

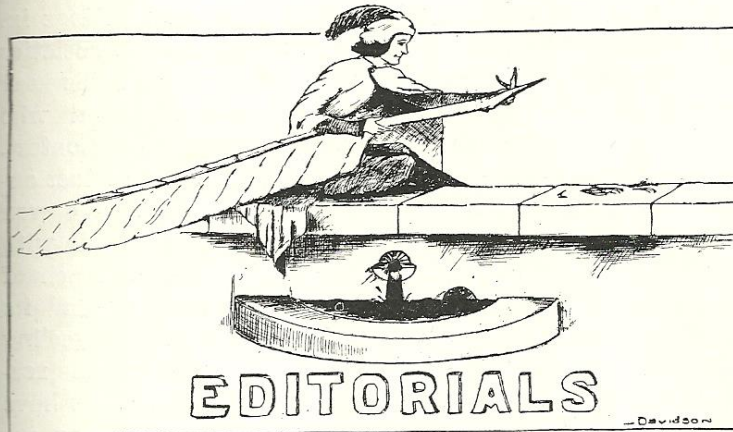
The summer of life
That follows on May
Has been mellowed a little by
sorrow.

The autumn brings with it
Rich fruit from the years
That Time the Reaper has treas-
ured;

And the Winter of Life
Brings memories dear
That each of its seasons has
measured.

Thomas C. Fossick, '26.





THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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THOMAS C. FOSSICK		<i>Business Manager</i>

As the end of the school year rolls around once more, we would like to review the past and see what has been accomplished. There have been a few failures it is true, but taking everything into consideration this has been one of the most successful years Montgomery Bell Academy has known. The scholastic work has been on a par with the work of other years, despite the cramped conditions caused by the loss of the Main Building by fire soon after Thanksgiving. The students as a whole have shown plenty of ability and there is no cause for complaint in this department. The literary societies were not quite up to the standard of the past few years, likely because there

was hardly enough room to hold the various meetings in. Next year there will be plenty of room and the societies will hit their stride again. Nevertheless, we had this year an orator who won the State championship, and who reached the semi-finals in the National Oratorical Contest.

Turning to athletics, we find that M. B. A. has just enjoyed her most successful season in this field. We won the State championships in football and basketball with probably the greatest prep teams in the South. Each of these teams was known for its excellent ability and its good sportsmanship in every game. It is with a feeling of pride that we look back on these two teams and the records they have made. The baseball and tennis teams have a firm claim to the city title in these sports. With an enrollment of only one hundred and twenty students M. B. A. won three State championships and five city crowns.

Have we not then a reason to be proud of our school? With such records in scholastic and athletic work we have more firmly established a name for M. B. A., the fame of which is spreading more and more each year. Next fall let us come back to school with a determination to sustain the record that we helped to make this year.

We who leave M. B. A. this year must remember we leave the next year's students without something which helped us through our four long, hard years of prep school. Long and hard 'tis true, but there was much fun going through the old building reading the names and histories of the school by the pictures and also the amateur artists who carved their autograph in all kinds of places.

There will be new boys next year that will never know the pleasures we had in roaming over and over the library

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and honor rooms. Each time we found something new to come home and ask our brothers and in some cases fathers, what the meaning of it was.

And you who leave this year remember that the new rebuilt building can never mean the home that the other meant. However, we can try to impress the new boys with the new building just as the old boys were impressed with the old. Let's help our school grow. Raise the standards higher and higher and send at least one, but don't stop at one, new boy back for yourself when you leave.

Fellows, why can't we have two hundred students at M. B. A. next year? We have the best school in the State and it should be filled up with no vacancies remaining. M. B. A. has every qualification of a good school. It is far enough out of the city to avoid the grime and smoke, and yet near enough to town to make the distance negligible. Street cars pass every fifteen minutes and it is no trouble at all to reach school quickly regardless of weather conditions. It has a large campus for the students to roam upon, and an excellent gymnasium for the boys to play in during the winter months. A strong corps of experienced teachers is always ready to advise the student and to render helpful suggestions. Every teacher is capable of supplying the requisites of a student's education, and a boy may profit immensely under such a teacher's instruction.

Surely every parent interested in the education and welfare of his boy wants him to go to school under the best possible conditions. It is hard to believe that a father or mother would want to send their boy to a school where he might not have every advantage. M. B. A. is the only school in Nashville where its students may have heathy recreation in the outdoors on a large private campus. M. B. A. is the only school in Nashville out of the reach of the city's smoke. No boy can study his best unless he has good, pure air, which cannot be found in a manufacturing city like Nashville. M. B. A. is also the oldest institution of learning in the city, and it has sent out an honorable list of

graduates who have taken a leading part in the growth of their country.

Just as a salesman must have confidence in the article he sells, so must we have confidence in the ability of our school to supply a boy's education, and we must instill this confidence in the minds of doubting parents. There is an opportunity to do our school a real service, so if you have any friends who are contemplating entering high school next fall, call on their parents and persuade them that they would be doing the best thing for their boy by sending him to M. B. A. Let's everybody work hard to have a bigger school next year. Talk M. B. A. and be M. B. A. and bring someone back with you next fall when school opens.

State Champs again! For the third straight time this year Montgomery Bell Academy claims a title-holder. First it was football, then it was basketball, and now we have the champion Prep and High School orator in Tennessee. Three straight championships is a record probably never equalled in this State. This shows that M. B. A. stands foremost in the developing of both mind and body, which is all that can be expected of any school.

When the National Oratorical Contest was announced, three students of this school entered the lists. From these three William Mogan was elected to represent M. B. A. in the coming contests. He won the District meet handily for Nashville and Davidson County, and then entered the State finals at Chattanooga, being accompanied to that city by Mr. Ball. With a good speech well delivered, he won the first prize, consisting of a handsome gold medal and one hundred dollars in cash. Incidentally he won our third State championship of the year. As the lone representative

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of the State of Tennessee he went to Louisville, also being accompanied there by Professor Ball. At Louisville the representatives of seven States spoke, these being Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Alabama, Indiana, and Tennessee. Mogan was defeated in this contest but he gave a mighty good account of himself, and was a worthy representative of his school and his State. Certainly no better choice could have been made. Mogan has been at M. B. A. for only about five months, coming here from Pennsylvania. But already he has done a very fine thing for his school, by winning for the first time the Tennessee honors in the National Oratorical Contest. When the contest was first announced he got to work and for a month or more struggled to make his efforts a success. There are some boys in school who could have perhaps done as well as Mogan, but while they loafed he went ahead and gained honors for himself and a championship for his school. This goes to show what perserverance and a real effort will do. We take this means of congratulating him on his wonderful showing.

Whenever a team is given praise for its good work it is customary to give the coach a word of praise also. In this case the praise goes to "Coach" Ball. The boys jokingly referred to Mogan as Mr. Ball's "One-man Team." This was because Mr. Ball coached Mogan in public speaking and gave him valuable pointers. Professor took the same interest in Mogan that a coach would take in a basketball team, and we are sure that he is prouder of the oratorical championship than of the football and basketball championships put together. All hail "Coach" Ball and his "One-man Team."

Are we playing fair in the game of life? Are we giving the other fellow a square deal? There is no reason why we shouldn't, and many reasons why we should. Let's treat the other fellow as we would like for him to treat us. If we see a fellow in trouble, let's stop and give him a little help. A good deed is never regretted, and never forgotten.

Above all, we must not be too critical of the other person's faults. We all have faults that we like to have passed over, so if some one offends you take it in a good spirit. If a boy makes an error in a ball game, give him credit for doing his best anyhow. The best of players make mistakes. No one is perfect and we must remember this. So in all walks of life let us treat everybody fairly, whether in school or in office, or on the ball field. We should be honest with ourselves as well as with others. When we do an ill deed we hurt ourselves far more than anyone else. An ill deed leads on to others, and finally we ruin our self-respect and our character. Therefore we should take care to play fair in life, for by doing this we insure for ourselves the respect and friendship of others. What more could one desire than this?

Vacation! What's in a name? How the mere mention of that word makes the ear of the small child prick up. He welcomes it as a time of complete idleness, a whole summer of nothing to do, a period of blissful indolence. We remember those times. And at the ages of thirteen and fourteen how we looked forward to the ball games and fishing and swimming and the visits we would make or the jobs we would take for the summer! In this second period we looked ahead, with our minds made up. We knew what we were going to do. We had definite plans. We were looking before us. We were visualizing the near future. Now we have come to another of these periods that automatically come into a schoolboy's life and for which some definite plan should be made. Let's make this vacation an opportunity to better ourselves in some way.

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For some of us, this is our last school year. Many of us will take positions in some business, and in doing this we should look ahead and choose carefully. If possible, select the line of work that appeals to you most and something that you would like to stick to. Don't make the mistake of taking the first opening that appears. If your work does not hold a fascination for you, you cannot give it your best efforts, and this amounts to a failure. This may be your life's work, and none of us wants to work a lifetime on a job and then have nothing to show for it. Again, think of the influence you may have on others. You are but the forerunners of other M. B. A. boys, boys who in later years are to follow the trail you have blazed through the business world. You must show business men that M. B. A. graduates good workmen and make them eager to have more of them in their organizations. It is your duty to the school to demonstrate that M. B. A. men are equal to any and better than most. And you who go to college have a like duty to perform. Men who have gone to college before you have left a high mark to shoot at, and you must not, cannot, fall below the standard they have set. These schools of higher learning look forward to having the names of M. B. A. students on their enrollment lists and former M. B. A. scholars are there and glad to welcome you because of that invisible bond of fellowship that draws all M. B. A. men together. Here, again, must a trail be blazed and none of us will shirk his duty.

One of the pleasant features of the school year was the excellent management of the lunch room by Mrs. Ball and Mr. Cherry. To outsiders this doesn't mean much, but to the school it means a great deal.

For the past few years the lunch room, under a different management, had not been run as it should have been. But now conditions are very different. Good, hot, substantial food, so necessary for growing boys, might be had for reasonable prices. The lunch room was not run for mercenary gain, but in order to give to the boys the

things that they needed. We are happy to say that this end has been accomplished with satisfaction to all.

Mrs. Ball and Mr. Cherry were always ready to listen to suggestions which might improve the lunch room, and when any good idea was offered they carried it out. The result was as stated above, that everybody was highly satisfied. We hope that these two will continue to be in charge, for they certainly gave us the "eats." To the students who have been at M. B. A. for a few years it was a pleasure to know that at last they could get good wholesome food at school.

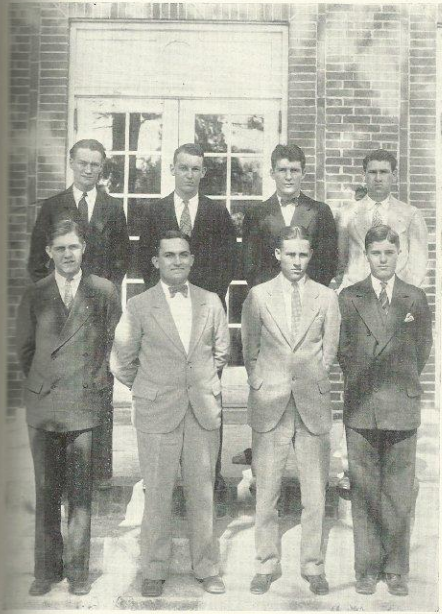
The boys who worked in the lunch room also deserve plenty of credit for the service they gave us. In fact, everything connected with our eating establishment was handled to perfection, and it is only just that we give a word of praise to the management.

TENNIS OF '26

Starting on our second season in the world of tennis competition, it is a pleasure to note the success of our team. At Sewanee the team bettered last year's record by going to the semi-finals in the singles and doubles, an accomplishment that cannot be passed by without recognition.

Although tennis for the past years has not been a prominent sport in the South, new interest in the sport seems to be arising, and teams are being formed in schools of all sections of the country. Of all sports tennis is one of the cleanest and most sportsmanlike pastimes that exists, besides being a great body builder. But going back to the local team of M. B. A.: This team has made every effort possible to match up with the baseball and football teams, and it has appreciated fully the kind support of the school.

EDWIN R. FROST, '26.



BULLETIN STAFF, '26

VERSE

SPRING

When days in early spring do
fade,
And slowly one by one
The stars come peeping through
the mist
Behind the setting sun,
That is the time when all the
world
Does seem as in a trance;
That is the time when love is
seen
In every person's glance.
The birds do fly from winter
homes,
And tiny brooklets play
Between the banks of mossy
green
And trickle on their way.
The great gruff voice of winter's
winds,
How strong it seems to sing!
But why grow gloomy from its
might
When soon it will be spring?
Wade Phillips, '27.

SONNET—HER LODESTAR

As I pass on along the lanes of
life
A thousand evils tempt me off
the road,
With easy ways to live on
through the strife
And lift off from my back a
heavy load.
Yea, in the very vision of my eye
Countless joys to right and
left I see;
And should I once step off, no
piteous cry
Could once more lead me back
to chastity.

But when the shadows darken
o'er my head
I turn my thoughts to you and
your pure love.
Then am I not by evil passion
led,
But by a clear, pure light from
heaven above.
Though passion doth the charms
of Comus bear,
With thy pure love I shall have
naught to fear.
Moultrie Ball, '27.

GEORGE WITHER UP TO DATE

That's all right, little boy;
She will come back I know.
She will come back within a
week;
She does all that for show.
Don't let her worry you
With all of that hard stuff,
For all she wants to do
Is to make you think she's
rough.
They are all just alike;
They try to string you along;
But if you act like you don't
care,
Then when she thinks you are
gone,
She'll come running back for
you —
Running like a rabbit.
They all do that once in awhile;
I guess it's just a habit!
Now, all you've got to do
Is hold out; and, well —
If she doesn't come back,
You let her go to h—!
John S. Fletcher, '26.

ALMA MATER

You have taken us under your
care,
Trained, corrected and taught
us.

We are starting down life's road
Armed with the knowledge
you've brought us.

We are starting out with the
feeling
That we are bound to succeed
For the confidence you have giv-
en us
Is sufficient for every need.

And all through the years we
shall cherish
The love that we have today;
The success we may have we'll
attribute

To our dear old M. B. A.
Thomas C. Fossick, '26.

PARTING

Four short years we have spent
with you,

For the time passed as a day;
But as time keeps moving on-
ward,

We must leave you, M. B. A.

M. B. A., we hate to leave you
As we say good-bye today.
Though in person we be absent,
Still in spirit we will stay.

Though we travel far and far-
ther,

Many, many miles from you,
That same spirit will keep burn-
ing

With a love for you that's
true.

Some of us will off to college,
Others out to work their way,
Still each one will feel the back-
ing

Of his school—old M. B. A.

And in closing let us tell you
That, no matter what you do,
We will stick with that same
spirit

That has held us bound to you.
T. Martin, '26.

THE BIRDS

The robins are seen in trees and
brush,
Hunting a place to build.
There is a nest of the thrush
Down on the side of the hill.

The mother bird goes in and out,
Hunting parts for her nest;
The father bird in reel and rout
Sings to the world his best.

What would be spring without
the birds
And the beautiful songs they
sing?

The birds are the happiest things
on earth—
They make the whole world
ring.

Day after day the mother bird
Hunts for food for her young
And shelters them from dark-
ness

When the day is done.
Claude Williams, '28.

SMILIN' THRU

When you wake up in the morn-
in',

And you're kinder feelin'
blue,

When the day is dark and dreary
And things go wrong with you,
Did you ever try just smilin'?

Now learn a thing or two:
The way to lose your troubles
Is just by smilin' thru.

When your English lesson's aw-
ful,

And your math is harder still,
When you lose that game of
football,

And your steps all seem up
hill;

When you find your best girl
triffin',

And your buddie proves un-
true,

The way to make things right
again

Is still by smilin' thru.
Oscar Edmindson, '27.

TO MY IDEAL

The fairest tints of summer skies
 Lie deep enthroned within thine
 eyes;
 Thy glorious crown of sunlit hair
 Seems spun of gold more light
 than air.
 While dainty ears peep out be-
 low
 Whiter than untrodden snow.
 From thy forehead smooth and
 fair
 A dainty nose points down to
 where,
 Twixt those sweet ruby lips be-
 neath,
 Flash richest gleams of pearly
 teeth;
 And added too, in all accord,
 Come chin and cheeks to claim
 reward
 From Beauty's shrine so patron-
 ized,
 But now by thee immortalized.
 Edwin Frost, '26.

THE BAT

The shades of night were falling
 Around the castle keep,
 And from the lonely tower
 A bat did soar and sweep.
 An omen of misfortune,
 An inspirer of evil deeds,
 His body writhed in distortion,
 For evil was his creed.
 His glistening stare roamed in
 and out
 From the depths of evil eyes;
 Through vines and trees and all
 about
 A child of night he flies.
 But when the wandering moon
 doth sink
 Behind the dark gray wall,
 Him, with all the shades of night,
 Their master does recall.
 Edwin Frost, '26.

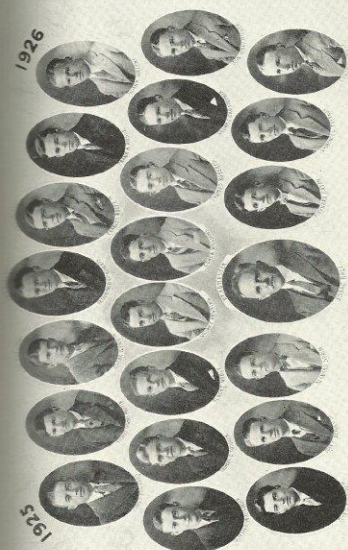
MEMORIES

The sands of time move onward,
 And so we wind our way
 Through the gates where once
 we entered,
 Wondering what was M. B. A.
 And today as we pass through
 them
 There's a tear drop in our eye.
 O, it seems quite strange to oth-
 ers
 That on this glad day we sigh.
 If it were not just for memories
 All the world were dead and
 sere,
 But in our hearts are golden
 moments
 That are reasons for the tear.
 T. Martin, '26.

A GOOD REASON

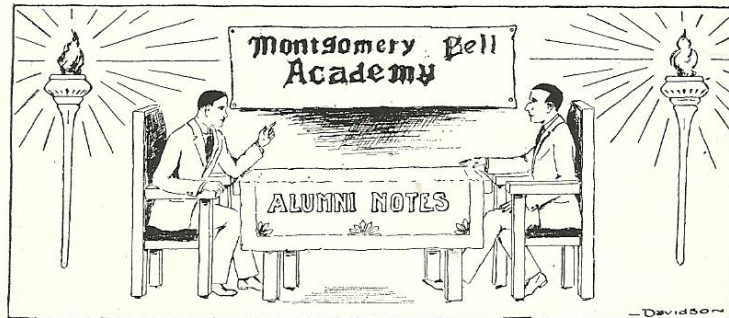
Once upon a summer's evening,
 With the shadows falling low,
 You told me your heart was
 grieving,
 Then I knew that I must go.
 Then it was our ways were part-
 ed—
 Parted far as two can be.
 Then it was that my eyes smart-
 ed
 From the words you said to
 me.
 Then you asked a single ques-
 tion,
 Which I answered truthfully.
 When I made a mere suggestion,
 Then you put the blame on me.
 Parted are we, yet 'tis painful
 When a boy I see with thee;
 And though you are still disdain-
 ful,
 I a lover still must be.
 John H. Connor, '27.

1926



1925

Montgomery-Bell Academy
SENIOR CLASS



John Roberts, '22, who is in the wholesale candy business with his father, is to be married on June 1st.

* * *

Dayton Brown, '23, is with the Thompson Oil Co., Nashville.

* * *

Howard Eaton, '23, is selling insurance for Hale & Martin, insurance agents of this city.

* * *

Robert Montgomery, '22, is assistant manager of the Texas Oil Co.'s agency, Nashville.

* * *

Ben M. Bransford, '17, was recently sent to Chicago by the W. H. Kirkpatrick Fuel Co., exclusive miners and sellers of Beech Creek Coal, to open a new branch office. His new title is resident manager.

* * *

W. B. Sneed, '87, has a controlling interest in the Bush Bldg. Co., which is doing a thriving business in this city.

* * *

Emmett Pryor, '02, is one of the many successful real estate dealers of this city.

* * *

Carl T. Rose, who is connected with the Farley Clothing Co. at Oklahoma City, Okla., was married on May 25th to Miss Robbie Montgomery of this city.

Gordon Connor, '23, will receive his law degree at Cumberland University in June.

* * *

James Edward Walker, '23, is in the lumber business at Monterey, Tenn.

* * *

Earl Denton, '24, is in the academic school at the University of Chicago.

* * *

John Payne, '24, is with the Cotton States Life Insurance Co., Nashville.

* * *

Vincent Murray, '24, who was forced to leave Vanderbilt this past fall on account of his ill health, is working for the National Life Insurance Co.

* * *

Walter Frierson Manning, '21, is in business in Chicago.

* * *

Cushman Radebaugh, '21, is a lawyer in Orlando, Fla.

* * *

J. R. (Pete) Baird, '20, is on the staff of the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

* * *

Robert Curtis, '20, D.D.S., Vanderbilt, has opened an office on Church Street.

* * *

Edwin Keeble, '21, is studying architecture at the University of

Pennsylvania. He will probably be in Europe this summer pursuing his studies further.

* * *

Foster Baird, '16, is on the staff of the Chicago Tribune.

* * *

Ben Doubleday, '16, after some years' experience with the St. Bernard Co., has gone into the coal business on his own account.

* * *

Edward Rooney, '16, is with the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation at Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

Clinton E. Clark, '19, who was married during the past winter, is living at Livingston, Tenn., the terminal of his railroad, the Tennessee, Kentucky & Northern.

* * *

William Ashby Goodrich, '18, M.D., Vanderbilt, was married January 3 to Miss Ruth Allen of Bruceton, Tenn. He will engage in the practice of medicine at Huntsville, Tenn.

* * *

Wilbur Sensing, '19, is connected with an engineering and

construction firm in East Nashville.

* * *

Albert Roberts, '22, who is with the American National Bank, is to be married in June to Miss Billy Waters of Nashville.

* * *

Wm. T. Kenny, '22, is in the graduating class this year at Annapolis.

* * *

Paul Derryberry, '22, is a B.S. graduate this year at Sewanee.

* * *

Frederick Roberts, '26, after passing, on a three days' notice in March against five competitors, an examination for an unexpected vacancy at Annapolis, secured the first alternate's appointment.

* * *

Edwin Frost, '26, is entered for next session at Dartmouth. M. B. A. is fully accredited by Dartmouth, where he will enter without examination.

* * *

W. B. Hussey, '24, has accepted a position with the Chase National Bank of New York City.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

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White's

Nashville's Luggage Store

609 Church Street

Mogan: "We had a surprise quiz in Math 4 yesterday."

Vaughn: "A surprise quiz?"

Mogan: "Yeah; it will be a surprise if any one passes."

* * *

Fritz: "Let's go to see 'The Big Parade.'"

Slick: "I didn't know that there was a circus in town."

* * *

Things the old boys will never forget and things the new boys never knew:

The springhouse.

The iron pipe across the creek.

The paddling machine.

The little gang.

Old Tobe, Collie, Hicks (deceased).

When the school was in the country.

* * *

Dark: "If I'd knowed I could of rode I'd a went; but if I'd a went I couldn't of et."

Darker: "Boy, you sho' does mistreat the English langwidge. Why don' youse get learned how to argify like me?"

* * *

Mr. Ball: "Why, Williams, you've misspelled senior. There is no 'y' in it."

Michy Fite: "I told him there was an 'a' in it, fessor."

* * *

There was an old man from Baalbec

Whose Ford was a funny old wreck.

He drove near a cliff,
The wind gave a whiff,
And the man landed right on his neck.

* * *

Mogan (in English 5): "And in his muffler fluffing up his head—I mean his face. Er—what kind of a muffler did you say it was, Mrs. Ball?"

* * *

We are told that Tom Hill goes bear hunting in Belle Meade every Saturday.

Charley Vaughn: "Dad, I was the only boy in school today that could answer a certain question."

Mr. Vaughn: "What was it, Charley?"

C. V.: "Who threw that water on Mr. Ball?"

* * *

She sat upon the highest throne,
She was a queen of night,
And witnessed every big affair
And also every fight.

She was a music lover,
And often used to sing
Under the mellow moonlight,
Which joy to her did bring.

'Twas on such a night in summer,
Which the silver moon had made,
That she ascended to her throne
To sing a serenade.

Scarcely had she started
When a window slowly raised,
And through the air there sailed
a shoe,
And a cat on the ground fell dazed.

M. Moody, '27.

* * *

Mr. Cherry has been buying a new car for the last month, but we see he is still driving his old one. We don't know whether he is really going to buy a new car or just wants to get a lot of free rides.

* * *

A Bughouse Fable

"That's all right, boys," said Mr. Ball, "you don't have to pay time this afternoon."

* * *

Mrs. Ball was heard to say the other day: "I sure will be glad when school is out so I can cut down my grocery bill." That sounds bad for Blair.

* * *

Is Treanor really bootlegging?

**Phoolish Phrases Phrom Phrank's
Phat Phriend**

Censors are the only people who live in glass houses who can throw stones.

A straw vote, taken recently, shows that 95 per cent of the undertakers are in favor of prohibition. The other 5 per cent didn't vote.

All dolls don't say "Mama" when they are squeezed. Some say "Papa."

Among those who don't pay taxes and who are just coining money are the counterfeiters.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it acquires a high polish.

King Solomon must be the patron saint of the Mormon church.

The zebra is the only horse of a different color.

After seeing our senators imitating farmers, we suppose that "Ma" Ferguson will pose as a farmerette soon.

The hard "working girl" does not like the term "gold digger." She said it should be changed to "diamond hunter."

All who would like to commit a folly like Zeigfield stand on their left eyebrow and slip me a dollar.

A broad grin covers a multitude of sins.

Mrs. Ball: "Berry, who was pope at that time?"

Berry: "Ignorant IV."

Mr. Cherry (in Math 5): "Hill, why didn't you put up all that on the board?"

Hill: "That was understood."

Wanted—A list of the M. B. A. bridge club.

Mr. Cherry (in solid geometry): "What is a lune?"

Rolfe: "It's a bird that has a beautiful plumage."

Bad collision at Madison the other day. Roth ran into a cow. She hadn't got on to the new traffic laws yet.

Who is the "doll" that gives Hawkins a transfer every morning?

Mogan, down in Tennessee, An orator indeed is he. If he keeps on he will see All the sights of gay Paree.

Smith's Ford is the newest model—the "Leaping Lena."

Noble says the only thing wrong with his picture is that it looks too much like him.

In the District No. 8 contest in oratory, Nashville and Davidson County, Mogan accounted for Hume-Fogg High, Central High and Peabody Demonstration School.

That was a good start. The next steps are Chattanooga, Louisville and Washington.

Ward Phillips: "Say, Mrs. Ball said there was a boy at M. B. A. some year ago who said he could chase his ancestry back fifteen hundred years."

L. Montgomery: "Looks as if he would be afraid to chase them back that far."

We lost all our calendars in the fire, but we still have one sure sign. When Johnny Connor is absent, we know for certain it is Monday.

Professor Pennington wishes all to know that he is a member of the Universal Club with Henry Ford as president.

Whatever it is doing anywhere else, in M. B. A. we never have a late Frost.

Mrs. Geny: "Francis, has your brother come home from M. B. A.?"

Francis: "I don't know. He has either come home or some one has stolen the car."

* * *

Tom Hill has evidently been loading up heavily on Diamond Dick and Jesse James literature, and worse still he is apparently casting it up into verse. We couldn't use the poem submitted; it made our blood run too cold, but we print one stanza:

The scene was set for the capture;

Our hero was wrapped up in rapture.

"Hands up," said our hero in a thin voice,

"For I must proceed to take in voice."

* * *

Monday

Of all the days in the week,
It's Monday that I dread,
For bright and early on this day
They pull me from my bed.

It seems that every Monday
My mind is on the blink;
My lessons stare me in the face;
O, gosh! but I can't think.

I never feel so tired
On any other day.
I guess Saturday and Sunday
Have been too big a fray.

If I can just pull through this day
And not load up on "Time,"
I can get by the other days
With grace and ease sublime.

Glenn Fite, '27.

* * *

First Burglar: "Hey, bo, dis door is open."

Second Burglar: "Aw, dat's too easy. Let's climb in a second-story window."

* * *

Has Judge Ewing really abandoned the derby?

What's in a Name?

Have you seen Glenn Fite?

Did Lawrence Treanor?

Is Bill Greene?

Has Teets Eaton?

Is Herbert Brown?

Is Maurice Moody?

Was Albert Noble?

Is Beverly Young?

Did George Baker?

Has Frank Cole?

Did Ed Frost?

When did Spider Walker?

Did Bert Brush his suit?

You may draw your own conclusions?

* * *

Coal: "I ain't goin' to church. I'se too sleepy."

Dust: "Does you snore?"

Coal: "Naw."

Dust: "Den come on to church."

* * *

The tennis tournaments just finished were two of the most successful that we have ever had at the school. None of the games were walkovers, as has been the case in former years. Even the stars were in constant danger of being toppled over and many upsets of dope occurred. "Slick," for the third successive year, won the singles championship with Brown as runner-up. McEwen with Frost, for the second time, won the doubles championship. Brown and Spain were runners-up.

* * *

"Merely detail," said the cow, as the train cut off her fly-swatter.

* * *

She: "What did those people say when I came out in my new bathing suit?"

He: "They said that I probably married you for your money."

* * *

"Strongfoot" Myers, the M. B. A. strong man.

Mogan didn't enjoy the banquet in Louisville, as he couldn't eat the meat, the day being Friday.

* * *

The Last Call

Vacation days are coming soon,
And then for lots of fun.
One thing will make those days
so fine
With verse I will be done.

Somebody told it for a joke
That I could write the stuff,
And they must surely like it,
For they never get enough.

But I guess that is fair enough,
And I must take my turn.
I'll do my best in every way;
My diploma I must earn.

Old M. B. A. stands out alone
In field and study hall;
Say what you please about our
school,
But it's the best of all.
Frank Cole, English 5.

* * *

The Twenty-Third Psalm

1. Professor Ball is my teacher;
I shall learn Latin.

2. He maketh me to conjugate
verbs and decline nouns. He
leadeth me through Caesar's
Gallic wars.

3. He increaseth my knowledge;
he leadeth me through the
paths of learning for my own
sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of
experience, I will fear no shame;
for he is with me; his instructions
and his corrections will
benefit me.

5. He prepareth translations
for me in the presence of my
schoolmates; he filleth my head
with Latin; my brain runneth
over.

6. Surely success and prosperity
shall follow me all the days
of my life; and I will dwell in
the house of wisdom forever.

John Randolph, '27.

The Way

When a freshman you longed for
the day
To be a senior big and gay.

And when a sophomore, the
freshman you flee,
But still a senior you strive to
be.

And then a junior, still climbing
the stair;
One more year and you'll be
there.

But when a senior,
What a hard blow;
For the more you learn,
The less you know.

* * *

Mrs. Johnson (calling roll):
"Connor."

Connor (preoccupied): "Er—
mam?"

Mrs. Johnson: "Well, Connor,
are you here or not?"

* * *

Abe Martin is a radio bug.
Abe's "Slowly Dyne" picks up
WSM, WDAD and static all at
once, using a flyswatter for an
aerial.

* * *

Lost

Senior ring—by Abe Martin.
A mind—by Rabbit Noble.
Never been used.

A 500-pound dumbbell—by
"Strongfoot" Myers.

Time spent in Math 5—by
Thomason.

* * *

Ode to a Smoke

From the hall he did slip,
Or a class did he skip
To take a smoke outside;
So behind care he did hide.
He looked with might and main,
But when a light he did obtain,
A man in a car claimed his
attention.

It was Mr. Cherry giving detention.

D. L. S., '27.

The "four horsemen"—Denton, Jones and the little Montgomery.

* * *

Hashed Again

It was on a Tuesday morning,
The first day of the test,
That I was all determined
To do my level best.

The questions all seemed easy,
And I answered them all right;
This was, no doubt, the good results
Of my study late last night.

Now the exams were over,
I was to hear my mark;
The prof. began a list of names,
His face was stern and dark.

He called my name aloud.
"Passed," he said, "a ten—"
Just then I was awakened
By the faithful old Big Ben.
Moody, '27.

* * *

Worrall (in lunch room):
"How much is bread?"

Brown: "Nothing."

Worrall: "How much is
gravy?"

Brown: "Nothing."

Worrall: "Then give me an
order of bread and gravy."

Brown: "Say, what do you
think this is, the Fannie Battle
day home?"

* * *

The photographer said the
picture of the Bulletin staff
would have been good if Fossick
and Martin had been absent
from school the day the picture
was taken.

* * *

Any one who can grow a foot-
ball, basketball or baseball mus-
tache in one week is eligible to
join the new "Mustache Club."
See President Johnson for par-
ticulars.

* * *

Vaughn: "I gave the street
car man a Canadian dime the
other day."

Teets: "Don't you know that
was not right?"

Vaughn: "But everything is
even now. He gave me a lead
nickel for change."

* * *

Mr. Cherry at detention: "I
gave you French 4 boys half an
hour. If you think you know
the lesson now come on down-
stairs; but if you don't get it
this time, you get another half
hour."

Jones: "I believe I'll stay up
here, Mr. Cherry."

* * *

News item: The student body
misses Keith's cigarettes.

* * *

News item: M Cherry, il a un
nouveau chapeau.

* * *

"This is going to be a shock-
ing experience," said the con-
demned man as the warden turned
the current on the electric
chair.

* * *

"I am a little ahead of my
story," said the elevator man as
he went on through the roof.

* * *

Since Mr. Cherry started tak-
ing his French class out under
the trees the second period deep
inhalers are having a hard time
taking a drag without taking
two hours along with it.

* * *

Mr. Cherry in Math. 6: "Rolfe,
what are you and Geny talking
about?"

Rolfe: "I asked him a ques-
tion and he answered it."

Mr. Cherry: "Well, the next
time you want to know some-
thing ask me. Geny can't tell
you anything."

* * *

Bagwell: "Mrs. Ball, will you
tell me something I ain't never
understood about de school?
Why does they call a boy in the
graduatin' class a 'seen yer?' Is

that 'cause he is goin' to leave
de school and we ain't goin' to
see um no longer round here
regular no more?"

* * *

Girls and Boys

We boys condemn the pretty
girls,
We say they powder and they
paint;
We jeer at them the livelong
day,
Saying they look like what
they ain't.

We laugh at poems of their
beauty—
As for their strength, we roar
and snort;
But, when the fashion book
comes 'round,
We cheer and whoop at dresses
short.

But girls as a whole are mostly
right
When they claim some boys
are fools,
'Cause, set right down in black
and white,
'Tis shown they beat us in
the schools.

Why then should we condemn
the girls?

Everyone has his faults, you
know;
And seeing both sides of the
page,

Let friendship firm between
us grow.

Bert Brooks, '27.

* * *

We tried to please you all, our
friends,

We hope our jokes were good;
But if they did not please you,
well,

We did the best we could.

We scoured the school the live
long year

For things that would be
funny;

We wrote the things we thought
would give

The most smile for your
money.

Here's to the staff of years to
come,

To them our jobs we lend.
We hope they do it better than
We did. That's all. The end.

F. C. L.

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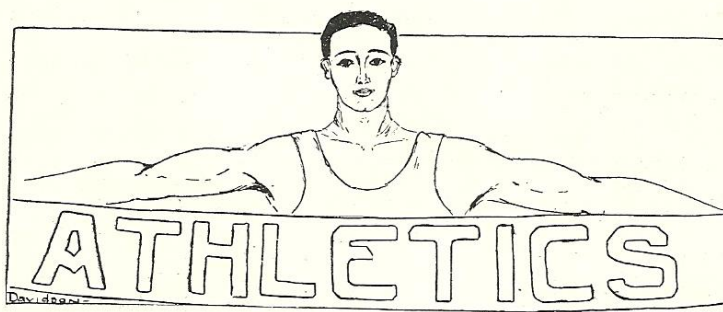
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FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1925-26

STATE CHAMPIONS

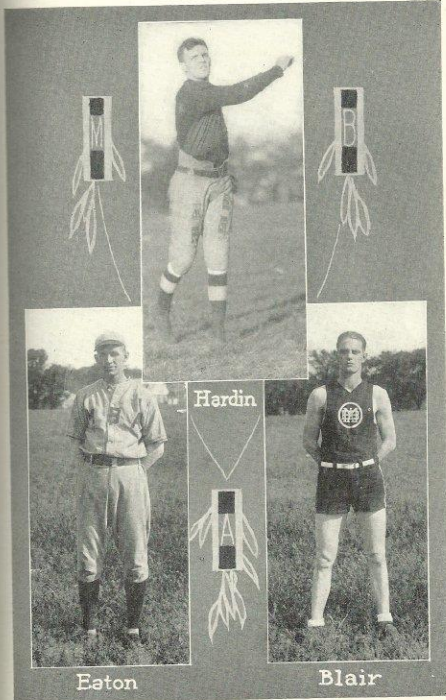
M. B. A.	39	C. M. A.	0
M. B. A.	26	Wallace	0
M. B. A.	103	Castle Heights	0
M. B. A.	58	McCallie	0
M. B. A.	91	Paducah High	0
M. B. A.	87	Portland High	0
M. B. A.	33	Hume-Fogg High	0
M. B. A.	40	Central High	0
M. B. A.	89	Knoxville High	0
M. B. A.	566	Opponents	0

M. B. A. had a wonderfully successful season in football this year and were crowned State Champions. With nine letter men back from the previous year, Coach Kirkpatrick formed a wonderful team, the best prep team, it has been said, that ever played in Nashville.

The main features of the team were the wonderful team work and the fighting spirit. Coach Kirkpatrick has set a record with this team of 1925-26 which in all probability will not soon be bettered.

Captain Hardin was one of the main cogs in this machine. He was a fine captain and a good sport and he will surely be missed by the team next year.

At the banquet, Herbert Brown was chosen captain and Ned Thomason elected manager. The following men



Eaton

Blair

received letters: Captain Hardin, Manager Geny, Spain, Brown, Baker, Wells, Greene, T. Roberts, Worrall, Johnson, Hackman, Kelly, Eaton, Blair, Vaughan, Goodman, Myers, Lowery, Hirsig and Roberts.

BASKETBALL SEASON, 1925-26

STATE CHAMPIONS

M. B. A. -----	58	Peasant View -----	25
M. B. A. -----	50	Pleasant View -----	10
M. B. A. -----	13	Hume-Fogg -----	5
M. B. A. -----	34	Normal Reserves -----	10
M. B. A. -----	33	V. U. Reserves -----	12
M. B. A. -----	18	Ramblers -----	28
M. B. A. -----	21	A. T. O. -----	16
M. B. A. -----	39	Chapel Hill -----	17
M. B. A. -----	31	Cathedral High -----	15
M. B. A. -----	37	Dora County High -----	23
M. B. A. -----	18	G. M. A. -----	21
M. B. A. -----	23	Hume-Fogg -----	13
M. B. A. -----	22	Cathedral High -----	21

TENNESSEE STATE TOURNAMENT

M. B. A. -----	44	G. P. I. -----	11
M. B. A. -----	56	Algood -----	10
M. B. A. -----	42	Knoxville High -----	13
M. B. A. -----	29	Ridgely -----	20
M. B. A. -----	24	Memphis Central High -----	10

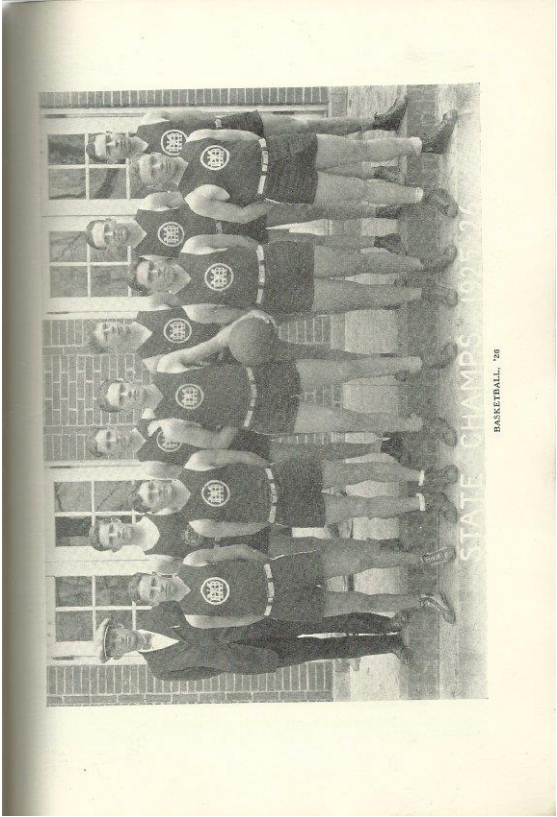
M. B. A. -----	592	Opponents -----	280
----------------	-----	-----------------	-----

Coach Emerson, after untiring efforts, put out a team that has brought home the bacon. This is the second State

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championship team in three years that Mr. Emerson has turned out, the first being in 1923-24.

The squad lost only two games out of eighteen, and one of these was to the Ramblers. With six letter men back it was easier on the coach than trying to fit out a new team.

Blair made a very successful captain this year. He was also an excellent player and has been high scorer in the State tourney for two straight years.

At the banquet Blair was elected captain for the second time, but no manager has been chosen. The following men received letters: Captain Blair, Manager Johnson, Eaton, Brown, Hardin, McEwen, Worral, Spain, Hackman, Goodman, F. Roberts and Myers.

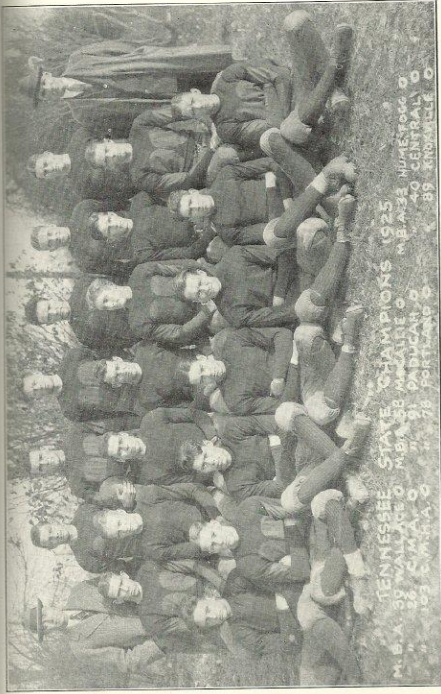
BASEBALL SEASON, 1925-26

M. B. A. -----	10	Wallace -----	5
M. B. A. -----	10	Hume-Fogg -----	5
M. B. A. -----	4	Bethel College -----	5
M. B. A. -----	14	C. M. A. -----	0
M. B. A. -----	10	Lebanon High -----	3
M. B. A. -----	17	Cathedral High -----	3
M. B. A. -----	8	Duncan -----	4
M. B. A. -----	4	Tate -----	3
M. B. A. -----	11	Castle Heights -----	5
M. B. A. -----	18	C. M. A. -----	3
M. B. A. -----	13	Lebanon High -----	1
M. B. A. -----	24	Hume-Fogg -----	4
M. B. A. -----	9	Wallace -----	10
M. B. A. -----	23	Cathedral High -----	5
M. B. A. -----	29	Wallace -----	4
M. B. A. -----	213	Opponents -----	64

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TENNESSEE STATE CHAMPIONS 1925
 M.B. 30 VANALYSTO 28 VANALYSTO 26 VANALYSTO 24 VANALYSTO 22 VANALYSTO 20 VANALYSTO 18 VANALYSTO 16 VANALYSTO 14 VANALYSTO 12 VANALYSTO 10 VANALYSTO 8 VANALYSTO 6 VANALYSTO 4 VANALYSTO 2 VANALYSTO
 M.B. 30 VANALYSTO 28 VANALYSTO 26 VANALYSTO 24 VANALYSTO 22 VANALYSTO 20 VANALYSTO 18 VANALYSTO 16 VANALYSTO 14 VANALYSTO 12 VANALYSTO 10 VANALYSTO 8 VANALYSTO 6 VANALYSTO 4 VANALYSTO 2 VANALYSTO
 M.B. 30 VANALYSTO 28 VANALYSTO 26 VANALYSTO 24 VANALYSTO 22 VANALYSTO 20 VANALYSTO 18 VANALYSTO 16 VANALYSTO 14 VANALYSTO 12 VANALYSTO 10 VANALYSTO 8 VANALYSTO 6 VANALYSTO 4 VANALYSTO 2 VANALYSTO

FOOTBALL '25

The batting average of the team for the year:

Player	A.B.	Hits	Pct.
Blair -----	60	32	.533
Eaton -----	69	34	.493
Hackman -----	55	26	.473
Rolfe -----	70	33	.472
Spain -----	55	25	.455
Aaron -----	43	19	.442
Wright -----	62	24	.387
Worrall -----	69	25	.363
Fite -----	17	6	.353
Brown -----	54	14	.259
Johnson -----	20	2	.100
Coggins -----	3	0	.000
Owen -----	1	0	.000
Team average -----	578	240	.415

M. B. A., 10; Lebanon High, 3

M. B. A. continued its winning streak as they defeated Lebanon High by the score of 10 to 3. Worrall and Blair each got three hits, while two of Blair's were for two sacks.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
M. B. A. -----	0	0	0
Lebanon High -----	0	1	0
Batteries—Rolfe and Hackman; Haley and Thackston.	0	0	0
	1	0	0
	2	2	5
	10	12	1
	3	4	2

M. B. A., 17; Cathedral High, 3

In a slugging contest M. B. A. nosed out Cathedral High by the score of 17 to 3. Rolfe and Worrall led for M. B. A. with three hits apiece, while Haine batted best for C. H. S.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
Cathedral High -----	0	0	0
M. B. A. -----	1	3	3
Batteries, Johnson, Burk and Sullivan; Wright and Hackman.	2	5	3
	0	17	13
	3	5	2



BASEBALL, '06

M. B. A., 8; Duncan, 4

With the winning streak still with us, M. B. A. romped through Duncan to an 8 to 4 win. The game stood from the third to the seventh inning at 5 to 4, but we pulled off to a greater lead, which Duncan could never equal.

Hackman and Blair each collected three hits. Two of Hackman's were triples. Roberts and Wilson each got two hits for Duncan.

Score by innings:

												R.	H.	E.
Duncan	-----	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	1
M. B. A.	-----	3	0	2	0	0	0	3	0	*		8	10	0

Batteries—Braden and Meadows; Rolfe, Spain and Hackman.

M. B. A., 4; Tate, 3

One of the best games of the season was won from Tate. The game was forced to go eleven innings. Spain's homer in the eleventh brought home the bacon.

Score by innings :

												R.	H.	E.
M. B. A. -----	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1—4	13	0	
Tate -----	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—3	9	0	

Batteries—Spain and Hackman; Davis and Damron.

M. B. A., 11; Castle Heights, 5

After a hard game, M. B. A. came out on top once more as C. H. M. A. was defeated 11 to 5. Rolfe was the slugger of the occasion, securing four hits.

Score by innings:

												R.	H.	E.
M. B. A.	-----	0	0	1	0	3	3	4	0	0	—	11	16	1
C. H. M. A.	-----	0	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	5	8	2

Batteries—Rolfe, Spain and Harkman; Martin and Rutledge.

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M. B. A., 18; C. M. A., 3

What might be called a batting picnic was held as M. B. A. triumphed over the cadets. Spain got two doubles, Aaron and Blair each got a triple, while Rolfe collected three three-baggers. Hackman lost control of himself and got two home runs.

Score by innings:	R. H. E.
C. M. A. -----	0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0— 3 9 2
M. B. A. -----	0 2 2 2 0 8 0 4 *—18 21 1

Batteries—Warner, Huston and Sowder; Wright, Hackman and Fite.

M. B. A., 13; Lebanon High, 1

It seems as if the team is out for a high scoring record the way they are hitting the pill. Lebanon High was almost held to a shutout, while M. B. A. tore around the sacks thirteen times. Rolfe got one double while Worral got a pair of them for himself.

Score by innings:	R. H. E.
Lebanon High -----	0 0 0 0 1 0 0— 1 3 2
M. B. A. -----	5 0 1 3 2 2 *—13 18 0

Batteries—S. Martin, D. Martin and Thackston; Rolfe, Hackman and Fite.

M. B. A., 24; Hume-Fogg, 4

Hume-Fogg suffered defeat for the second time at the hands of M. B. A., but this time by a much greater score. Rolfe got one triple and four singles, Blair got three singles, one double and a homer, while Spain got one double and two three-baggers.

Score by innings:	R. H. E.
M. B. A. -----	4 6 2 0 0 0 0 2 10—24 24 0
Hume-Fogg -----	0 0 0 1 0 2 1 0 0— 4 8 3

Batteries—Wright and Hackman; Huggins, Carney and Malone.

M. B. A., 9; Wallace, 10

Along with every joy must come a sorrow, and this is surely the sorrow. Most unexpectedly Wallace won over M. B. A. by the score of 10 to 9. Having beat Wallace

once there was no visible reason for the defeat except that the M. B. A. team just loafed along.

Score by innings:													R. H. E.
M. B. A.	-----	2	0	1	2	3	0	0	0	1	—	9	11 3
Wallace	-----	2	0	0	0	0	3	1	4	0	—	10	6 2

Batteries—Spain and Hackman; Scheffer and Alexander.

M. B. A., 9; Castle Heights, 1

M. B. A. finished the series with Castle Heights by winning the second game 9 to 1. Eaton and Rolfe each hit a home run, while Blair and Wright got a double apiece.

Score by innings:													R. H. E.
C. H. M. A.	-----	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—	1	1 0
M. B. A.	-----	4	0	0	0	2	0	1	2	*	—	9	9 0

Batteries—Rice and Rutledge; Wright and Fite.

M. B. A., 23; Cathedral High, 5

M. B. A. closed out with Cathedral by winning the second game by the huge score of 23 to 3. Two-base hits, Aaron, Eaton 2, Wright and Brown. Spain got a triple and Eaton added a homer.

Score by innings:													R. H. E.
M. B. A.	-----	0	0	2	7	0	5	4	0	5	—	23	23 0
C. H. S.	-----	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	—	5	3 2

Batteries—Spain and Fite; Burk, Bennett and Sullivan.

M. B. A., 29; Wallace, 4

M. B. A. easily took the final game from Wallace by the crushing score of 29 to 4. Two-base hits, Eaton 3, Blair 2, Wright, Brown 2, and Fite. Three-base hits, Aaron, Rolfe and Fite. Home run, Worral.

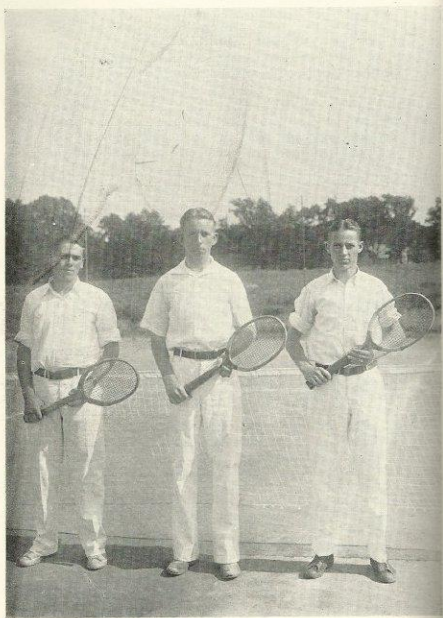
Score by innings:													R. H. E.
Wallace	-----	0	0	0	4	4	0	0	—	4	4	2	
M. B. A.	-----	2	4	0	9	8	7	*	—	29	22	0	

Batteries—Core, F. Stumb and Alexander; Wright and Fite.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The annual tennis tournament was held again at the schol this spring. The sets and winners were as follows:

First Round	Winner
McEwen vs. Bye	McEwen
Goodman vs. Bye	Goodman
Montgomery vs. Bye	Montgomery, W.
Brush vs. Edwards, J.	Edwards, J.
Myers vs. Eaton	Myers
Lowery vs. Bye	Lowery
Owen vs. Buntin, C.	Owen
Hackman vs. Bye	Hackman
Spain vs. Bye	Spain
Green vs. Blair, E.	Blair, E.
Roberts, F., vs. Rolfe	Rolfe
Ball vs. Coggins	Ball
Bass vs. Bye	Bass
Montgomery, L., vs. Bye	Montgomery, L.
Hatfield vs. Bye	Hatfield
Brown vs. Bye	Brown
Second Round	Winner
McEwen vs. Goodman	McEwen
Montgomery, W., vs. Edwards, J.	Edwards, J.
Myers vs. Lowery	Lowery
Owen vs. Hackman	Hackman
Spain vs. Blair, E.	Spain
Rolfe vs. Ball	Rolfe
Bass vs. Montgomery, L.	Bass
Hatfield vs. Brown	Brown
Third Round	Winner
McEwen vs. Edwards, J.	McEwen
Lowery vs. Hackman	Hackman
Spain vs. Rolfe	Folfe
Fourth Round	Winner
McEwen vs. Hackman	McEwen
Rolfe vs. Brown	Brown
Finals	Winner
McEwen vs. Brown	McEwen



TENNIS, '26

The winner of this tournament put out some fine playing to finish at the head, for there was plenty of good competition from all sides. We wish to congratulate the champ.

The Double Results

Frost and McEwen won the finals of the doubles tournament, defeating Brown and Spain 6-0, 3-6, 7-5, 6-1.

TENNIS SEASON, 1925-26

CITY CHAMPIONS

The tennis team made a very creditable showing in the Southern interscholastic tournament held at Sewanee, McEwen taking third place by defeating Boyd, of S. M. A., in the consolation singles match. In the doubles McEwen and Frost went to the semi-finals but were eliminated by Chattanooga City High 8-6, 7-5.

I.

M. B. A. Defeats Hume-Fogg

Frost won from Petrie 6-2, 6-1. McEwen defeated Swindell 3-6, 6-3, 6-3. The doubles were defaulted by Hume-Fogg, as M. B. A. already had two wins.

II.

M. B. A. Defeats S. M. A.

Brown lost to Boyd 6-2, 6-0. Frost and McEwen won from Trowbridge and Boyd 6-1, 3-6, 6-2. McEwen defeated Boyd 4-6, 6-1, 6-0.

III.

M. B. A. Defeats Central High

McEwen and Frost won from J. Dean and Baker 6-2, 6-1. Brown beat O. Dean 3-6, 6-4, 6-3. Frost defeated Baker 6-0, 6-3.

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REBUILDING ANNOUNCEMENT

The Executive Committee of the Board has employed Mr. George Waller, the architect of the new gymnasium at M. B. A., to restore the main building of the school recently destroyed by fire. The plans and specifications are now being prepared for a new two-story and basement brick building to be placed on the foundations of the old school. Work on this is to begin at the earliest possible date, the structure to be completed in great part by the fall session.



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